Kitan Magazine

Volume One

Affiliated Publishing Houses

Le Minotaur Press

Obelisk Press

Atelier Press

Pythagoras Publishing

Over 350 titles to choose from

Magazines by Obelisk Press

Many Green Apples

Le Minotaur

Pen & Pencil Magazine

Poetic Voice Magazine

Art & Eros Magazine

Dada Magazine

L'Espionage

Genius Magazine

Neos et Le Surealisme

Kitan Magazine: Volume One

© Le Minotaur Press 2023

Vancouver, BC, Canada

All rights reserved.

This magazine or any part thereof may not be reproduced in any form without the written permission of the author.

Cover picture: A Geisha at her bath, anonymous

The author can be contacted at

penny_plenty321 @ yahoo.com.

Table of Content

Prologue: Kitan Magazine....4

Kitan Prose: 5

Infidelity by Yuki 6

Finding my Grandfather's Collection by Aki Kurosawa 12

Phallus Anthropologia by Yuki....71

Boy Have I Been a Naughty Girl by Laura Chu....83

The First Time I Felt Truly Close to a Boy by Aki Kurosawa....99

Colour through the Eyes of Fauvists by Yanfei Li 114

Drawing the Male Nude for the First Time by Cindy Xie 130

How to Manhandle … by Emilie Wu....141

Kitan Poetry....146

Poems by Aki Kurosawa 147

i am a fool by Wing Wing Fung 153

These Unfulfilled Thoughts … by Alyssa Yu....155

Kitan Art....157

Our Splendid Minotaur by Reiko....158

Vitruvian Man by Keiko....163

Kitan Photography....172

Le Surréalisme en Japon durant les 1930's....173

Art of Kinbaku with Anna … 191

Prologue: Kitan Magazine

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this inaugural volume of ***Kitan*** Magazine which serves to feature the work of remarkable writers, poets & artists.

Kitan means tale in Japanese. This Magazine has prose, poetry, art and photography that is about the excitement, adventure, romance, Love and Eros of the Orient.

Kitan Magazine welcomes submissions on a biannual basis. Please feel free to submit your submissions to

Penny_plenty321@yahoo.com

There is no fee to submit.

There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit.

The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Kitan Prose:

Infidelity by Yuki

[**Japan**] This is a difficult story for me to tell. My ex-boyfriend and I have known each other since we were old enough to walk. My family and his go back many years. Our parents were expecting us to marry, and settle down. But he did things that made it impossible for me to trust him and so it is unlikely we will become a couple and have our own children together.

I have been away at university in Vancouver for the past two years. While I was in Vancouver I shared an apartment with three close friends from high school, Keiko, Reiko and Aki. I returned home last January. I cannot tell you where in Japan I live. If I did, after reading my story, you would probably want to intrude in my life. And you would also want to embarrass my ex-boyfriend and he would get angry and take it out on me. I don't want that. He has a very bad temper. We separated on Valentine's Day.

I haven't been home in two years. Beginning last year I heard whispers that my ex-boyfriend was being unfaithful to me. He is the assistant manager of a grocery store (the only job he has had since graduating from high school – his father is the store manager). My ex-boyfriend likes to delivery some of the grocery orders and has been getting a bit too intimate with some of the women in the city I live. He has also tried to seduce the younger cousin of one of my school friends.

When I returned home in January my girlfriends gave me a party but decided not to invite my ex-boyfriend. At the time we were still going out but I was told before flying home from Vancouver not to tell him when I was returning.

The night of the party after we had dinner and their boyfriends starting to drink and sing, we girlfriends left the party to go for a walk. We walked three blocks over to sit in front of a Love Hotel, hidden in the shadows across the street. After sitting for a few minutes I saw my ex-boyfriend arrive at the Love Hotel with the younger cousin of the girlfriend who walked us over from our party.

Before I could get upset she said … "just wait she will be coming right out,"

And she did. When she did she rushed across the street, gave me a big hug and said, "don't worry … nothing happened. I told him I am not interested and to stop trying to seduce me."

Then when my ex-boyfriend appeared again in the street one of my other girlfriends sitting next to me telephoned him then and there to invite him to the party. "Where are you?" she asked him. He lied saying he was at work.

So we rushed back to the party and waited for him to arrive. When he did he swore that he was at work when he got the call. He said how happy he was to see me. He wanted to hug and kiss me, but I gave him a cold shoulder. When the young cousin joined the party my ex-boyfriend suddenly said he had some unfinished business at work and rushed off.

For several days afterwards when he telephoned me I told him I had jet lag, or didn't feel all that well, or was busy visiting my grandparents. I was in fact telling him the truth, even though he kept up being evasive when I asked what he has been doing.

We just talked on the phone. We did not meet up.

After several weeks of paying a game of cat and mouse I met up with my girlfriends on a Saturday night and we talked for several hours about what we should do. It was an awkward discussion we had as they told me all their stories. I was very angry!

Ad we got tipsy with sake we concocted a plan to teach my ex-boyfriend a lesson. I was to invite him to come with me to an onsen on Valentine's Day. We would drive up together and spend a few days there. I got him to book a room and then I drove us up to an ancient and famous onsen at the far reaches of the island, where even trains don't go. It was a long four hour drive into the middle of nowhere.

When we got there we immediately changed to go to the onsen. We changed in separate rooms and when we stepped to the onsen he wanted to get intimate with me so I let him become aroused but I stood my ground.

To tease him I let him take a picture of me using my cellphone.

Just a few minutes after we settled into the warm hot spring, six of my girlfriends, including the younger cousin, suddenly appeared and joined us.

Then I told him I needed to pee and got out.

I left him for a half hour as I dried myself, dressed and then emptied out his wallet of his identification, his money and his charge cards. I left him a note saying I do not ever want to see him again. I went out my car and waited.

For that half hour my friends took turns belittling him for being such a bad boyfriend … and one by one they left him, starting with the young cousin.

They all quickly got dressed and dashed to my car. He sat there waiting for me to return for twenty minutes. I started the car and we waiting until he came running out of the onsen completely naked, then we sped off leaving him in the middle of nowhere with no easy way to get home.

During the long drive back home I had to block his number to stop him from calling me. As we drove back I telephoned my father and told him what had happened. He talked with my ex's father and well, the disappointment came crashing down on my ex-boyfriend. He had to telephone his father, who had to leave work early to come and drive hours and hours to pick him up and also pay his unpaid onsen bills. There was a big argument with the onsen owners over whether he had to pay. But in the end the room booking had to be paid.

My ex not only lost me, his father fired him for what he had been doing on his "grocery deliveries …" and now my ex-boyfriend is a shelve stalker at one of the very small supermarkets and works evenings and weekends behind the counter and well … he doesn't have much time and energy to do much else.

As for me, I am the first person in my family to ever go to university. I am getting ready to set off to Oxford to do my Master's in Anthropology. I have an artist friend in Vancouver to thank for this – he agreed to be a living sculpture as I presented my major fourth year anthropology seminar – *Phallus Anthropologia* – the Anthropology of the Male. My Anthropology professor

was so impressed with my project that she wrote a letter of reference for me to her alma mater Oxford.

I chose to do this theme because I knew what was going on back home and I wanted to better understand the psychology and physiology of the male.

At the heart of my presentation *Phallus Anthropologia* is the modesty and fidelity that men show the women they love and admire in several cultures around the world, both ancient and modern. The thought that I put into my major fourth year anthropology seminar put my ex-boyfriend's infidelity into perspective for me.

I am looking forward to Oxford! I might stop in Vancouver for a visit on my way to the UK or on my way back just to say hello to my artist friend.

On my world travels I may decide to explore *Anthropologia Aphroditis*.

Finding my Grandfather's Collection by Aki Kurosawa

Full Title: *Finding my Grandfather's Collection of Girlie Magazines*

[**Tokyo**] When I was sixteen I spent the summer with my grandparents in the country. I got bored quickly and tried to find things to read. My grandmother suggested I go through some boxes of old magazines she kept. In one box in the far dusty corner of their storage shed I found a box of old Kitan Club Magazines.

Oh my god … for a sixteen year old girl the girlie magazines were a revelation about how some men view women in Japanese society. If you don't know what Kitan Club Magazine is about I will let you find this out for yourself!

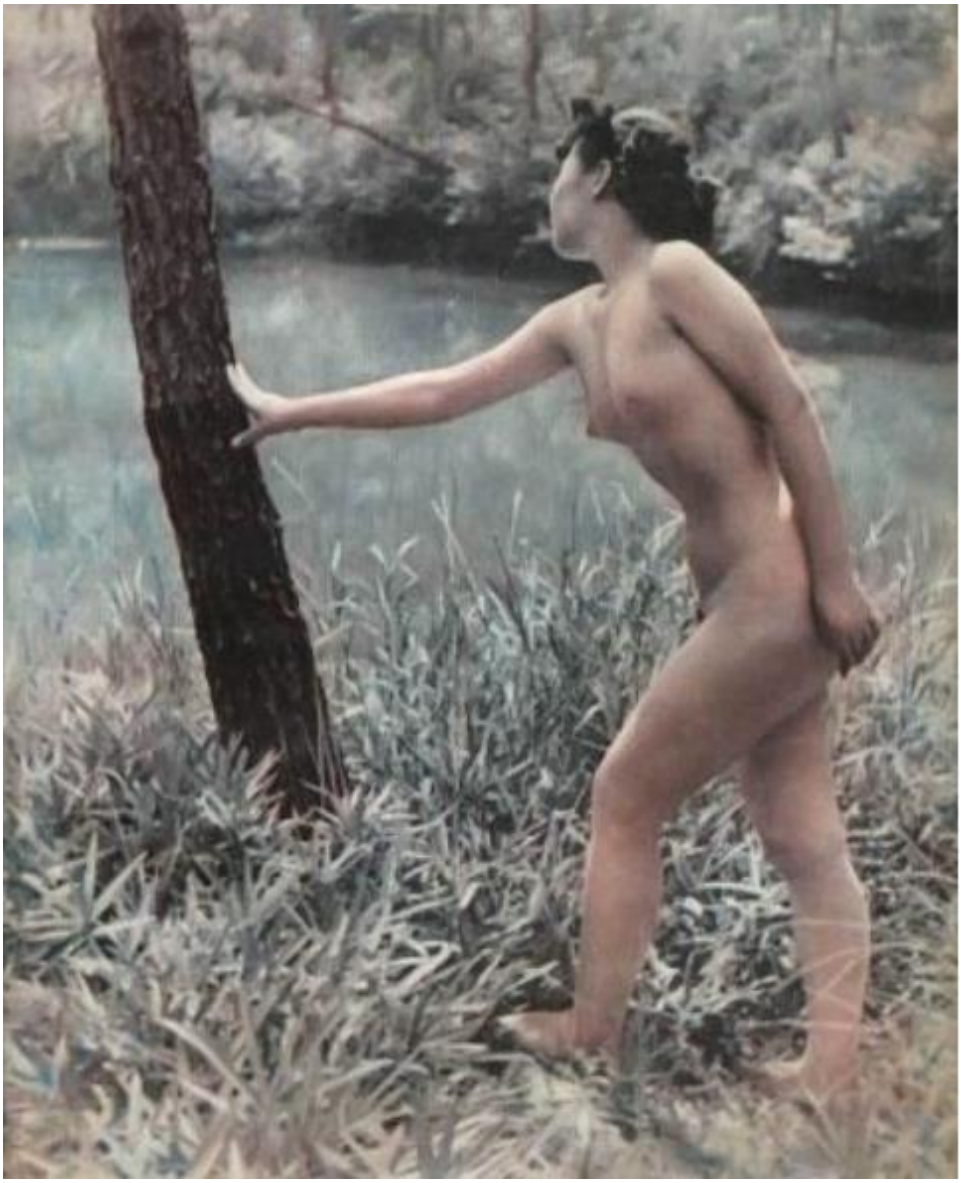
I asked my grandmother about the magazines and she smiled. "Your grandfather liked taking certain types of photographs." "Didn't that upset you?" I asked my grandmother.

"Not really … I am in some of the pictures. It was a way to earn money."

That was a very practical answer to an embarrassing question.

Last year I found old Kitan Club Magazines online and sent some of the tame pictures to Patrick so he could include them in one of his art books. Here are those tame Kitan pictures from the 1950's. Incidentally Kitan means devil and so these pictures are from the Devil's Club Magazine

These are all pictures done by my grandfather. I think the first one is a colorized picture of my grandmother from 1950. She is twenty years old.

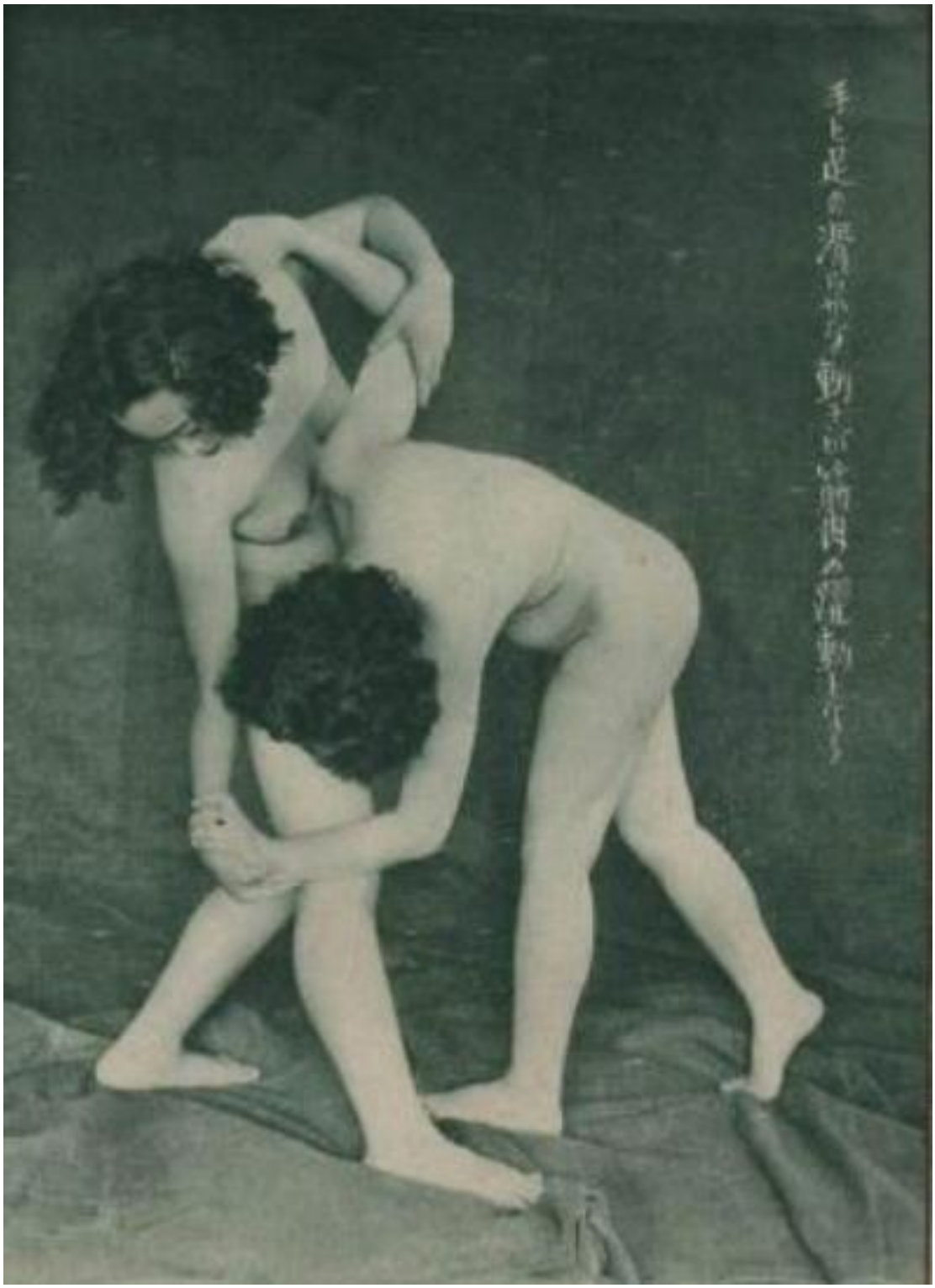


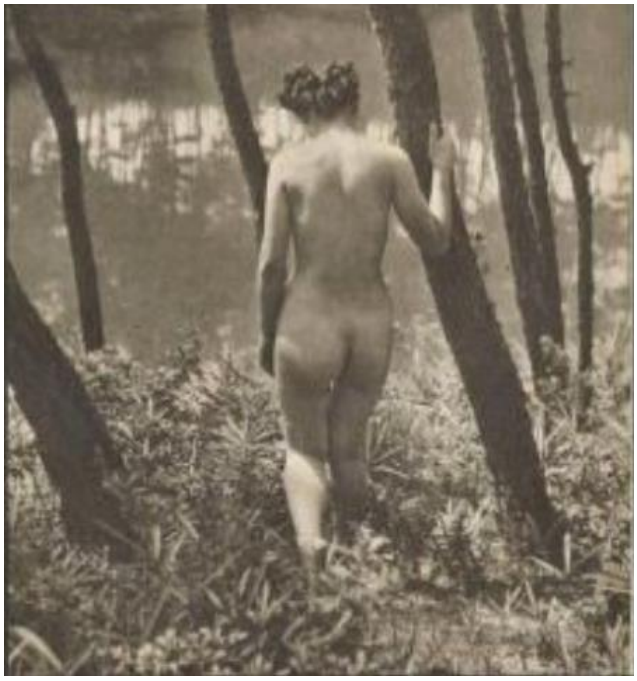
人肉市場

嫌よ

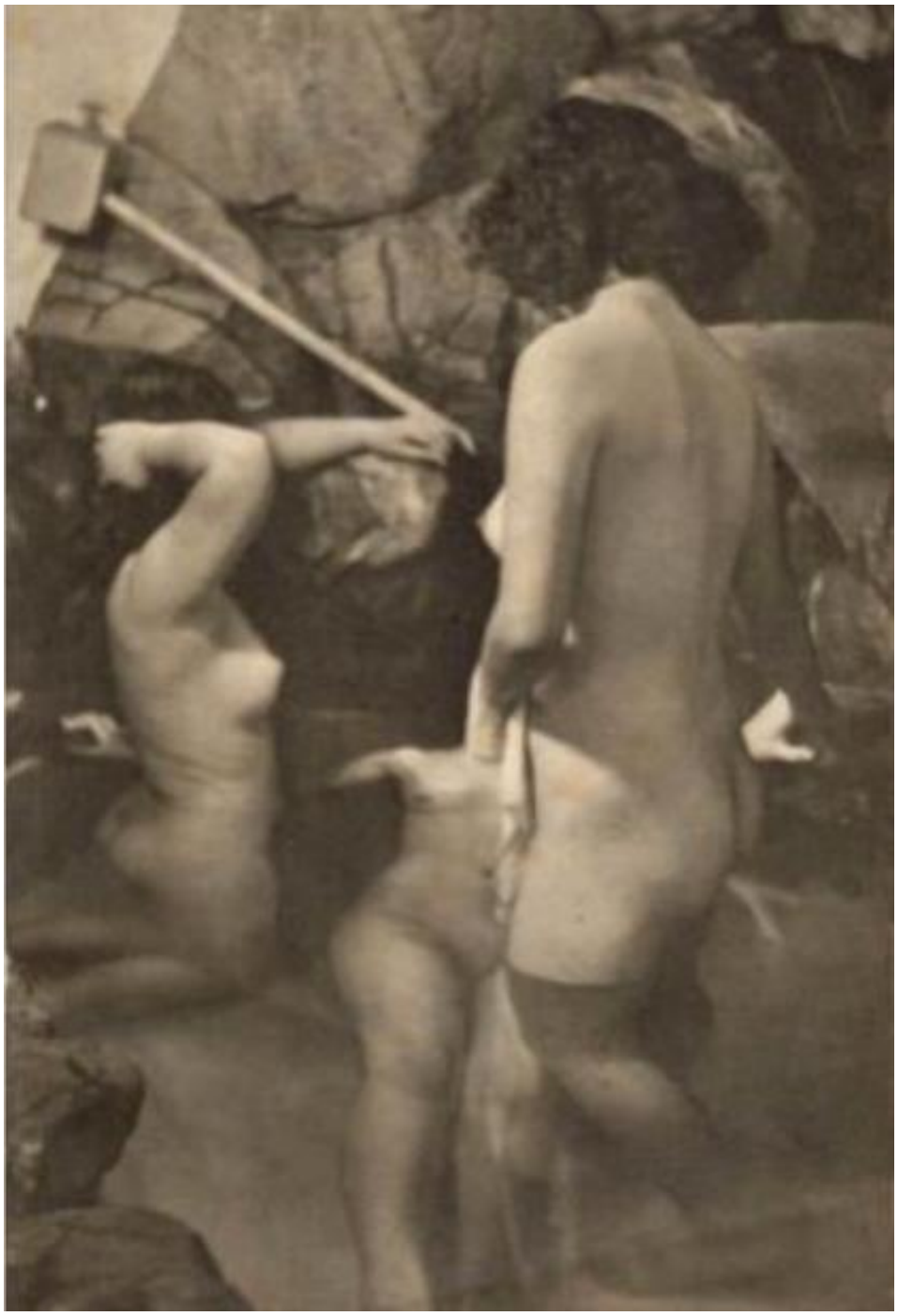
10

女闘美





君
想ふ



Phallus Anthropologia by Yuki

[**Japan**] Last year I was taking third and fourth year humanities courses at a university back in Vancouver. I am the first person in my family to ever go to university. My program required me to take an anthropology course. I had never studied anthropology before and so I did not have the prerequisites for most of the courses, but there was one course that the instructor let me take (there were a dozen open seats and so she wanted to fill the class). It was a class for students with majors other than anthropology.

There was a large amount of reading for the course and I had to write several long research papers. A Canadian friend helped edit my papers (writing in English is very difficult for me). There was also an hour long seminar I had to present. I chose as a theme *Phallus Anthropologia* – the Anthropology of the Male because I wanted to better understand the psychology and physiology of the male. I have an artist friend who reluctantly agreed to be a living sculpture for my seminar. It took me much persuasion!

At the heart of my presentation *Phallus Anthropologia* is the modesty and fidelity that men show the women they love and admire in several cultures around the world, both ancient and modern. At the time I knew that my ex-boyfriend back home in Japan was being unfaithful to me. My seminar helped put my ex-boyfriend's infidelity into perspective for me.

Baubles and Beads – tribal custom to hide the masculine away.

The baubles and beads tells the women in the tribe that the man is spoken for.

Baubles and Beads – side view

You can’t really see anything can you?

Baubles – the bare minimum

As he walks the baubles swings along with him. It is mesmerizing!

In the South Pacific – A shells and pearls

There are usually more shells on the belt (we only had one oyster shell).

The Koteka – in parts of Borneo, South America and Africa

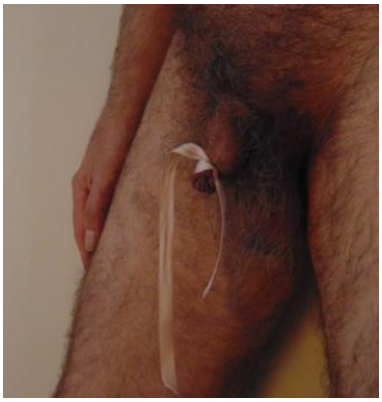
The Koteka is meant to hide away the male pheromones so the wild animals he is hunting cannot smell him when he stalks his prey. The women of the tribe cannot go hunting with their men because their feminine pheromones would be smelled by the wild animals and the women would become the prey.

Here is a Zoe tribesman with his masculinity pulled upwards and prepuce tied.

which is another way of masking the masculine pheromones. My friend was too modest to let me photograph him attired this way.

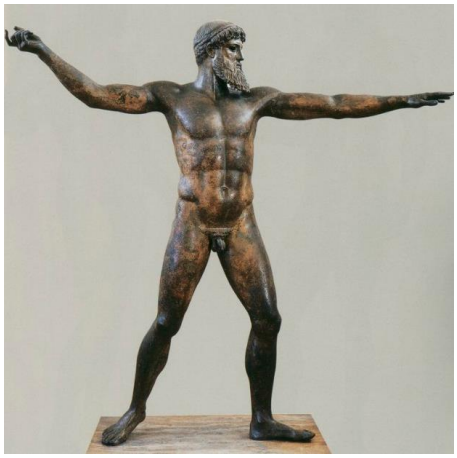
The Kynodesme in Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome

The kynodesme is a small piece of string tied around the prepuce, or fore skin, of the male so that his masculinity is hidden away. In ancient times a man could appear in public if he wore a kynodesme. Kynodesme were worn by slaves, athletes and warriors when in public view.



What we discovered is that when a man wears a kynodesme for even a few minutes it puts his masculinity asleep.

This could explain why the sculptures from Greek and Roman times have men with small masculinity.



This is the famous sculpture of the Roman Spearman.

Notice how small they both are!

One of the more amusing ornaments is this one.

The other ornaments are a bit too revealing to share as pictures.

Thanks to my friend, I was the only student to receive a perfect mark for their anthropology seminar.

My professor was so impressed with my presentation that she wrote a letter of reference for me for Oxford asking they accept me for a Master's.

A final thought … each year there is a special Japanese Festival – a celebration of the phallus. When I mentioned this the women in my anthropology class divided in two, some who were fascinated and some who were disgusted. I asked them what they thought and was amused by some of their comments.

I find it odd in Canada that 'gender studies' only focussed on women issues or gay issues. I think Canadian universities should have classes about heterosexual men. As a woman I find women studies rather boring!

By the way… the porters of this phallus are all women. This year all four of us, me, Keiko, Reiko and Aki participated in this festival for the first time … we had fun being porters …

Perhaps Vancouver could have a festival like this next year?

Pictorial: How Now! My Little Chickadee

Boy Have I Been a Naughty Girl by Laura Chu

[**Vancouver**] I admit I have been a naughty girl. My parents are traditional. They think little girls should be proper and nice. They should only speak when spoken to by an elder. They should sit up straight at the table and eat their vegetables. They should think nice thoughts and well … you know … wait until they are married to 'do it.'

But then every school day I am around classmates whose parents allow them to think a different way. It is hard to be nice and proper when the many people I spend my days with are not always as good as I am supposed to be.

I have a Chinese heritage and am the only child. My father had hoped for a baby boy when China had a one child policy, and was disappointed when I arrived. Now that the one child policy has changed my mother tells him she is too old and tired to provide him with a son. My father keeps on asking her but my mother keeps on saying "one child is enough." When I hear this I wonder if I have been a terrible burden on my parents, and whether my father might want to trade me in for a boy. He says 'hurry up and get married and give me a grandson' … talk about pressure!

I just don't understand what's up with Chinese parents and their wanting sons. Some of my parent's friends have boys and well, to be perfectly honest I don't think they are as grown up and independent as I am. Their parents doddle over their sons, much more than my parents doddle over me because I am a girl.

Some of my Canadian friends have brothers, some who are younger and some who are older than we are. I steer clear of the older boys because they only have three things on their mind, drinking, having fun and … having fun with girls. And you know the kind of fun they want with girls don't you. It was always easy to see how aroused they are by the bumps in their pants.

And why do they always want to put their hands down the front of my panties. More than once to stop them I have had to say "not today, I am menstruating. Your hand will be covered in blood!" Now I have the reputation of being constantly in misery.

So the older boys now leave me alone. I don't mind the younger ones. Sometimes my friends let their younger brothers tag along when we do things together like going shopping, or to a movie. For me it is funny to watch the behavior of their younger brothers. These young boys do such silly things or act in such silly ways. I don't remember when we were their age that my girlfriends and I ever acted so silly.

Most of the times my girlfriends leave me alone, but now that spring is here there are starting to tease me. My friends are now teasing me because I have never done it with a boy, or even touched one, or done the hand or the oral thingy. I can understand why touching would be a thrill, but pumping their thingy or licking it till he squirts icky gooey stuff … what's there to be found in this? I would rather have a Dairy Queen Sunday please.

I have not even kissed a boy, except my father and an uncle, but that doesn't really count does it. Besides I kissed them on the cheek. My girlfriends and I have done the practice thing as far as kissing is concerned. Smooching they call it. OMG!

At one of my sleep overs last summer my closest friend pushed me into … doing it … in a way that only two girls can do it. She being more experienced than I am explained to whole 'doing it' thing. She literally did push me, sitting on top of me while she unbuttoned the top of my p j's and tickled and caressed my breasts. I struggled just enough so that if someone asked I could say I did.

I was frightened to begin with but in a few minutes my body tingled and she knew it. Then she pulled my p j pants down off of me and slipped out of hers and buried her lips over my … I don't know what to call it. It felt so good to feel her warm and soft kisses. I was worried she might break my hymen. But she was very careful. My body came alive and I had my first ever orgasm.

Then she asked me to do the same things to her and awkwardly I did. She tasted different that I do. I have pleased myself often enough to know how I tasted. As I struggled she told me what she wanted me to do. It took her much longer than I had to get excited. Then she suddenly shuddered. I had given her an orgasm too.

After it was all over we cuddled, and I don't think I have felt so close to another person like I felt at that special moment. Then we talked. What surprised her is that I am not in a big hurry to have sex with a boy. Just the

idea that girls let boys put their … thingy … inside a girl so they can leave behind some icky gooey stuff freaks me out. It's bad enough that once a month I have to bleed from there, but honestly, that's enough trouble for me!

What really upset my best girlfriend the most is that I have not even seen what a boy looks like in real life. I have seen pictures and films with naked men in them. The pictures and movies of naked men stir something inside of me, so I don't just only like girls. But I told her I get most of my pleasures, well, you know, late at night when I am alone and can't sleep. She said half of her girlfriends admit to pleasing themselves, while the other half are 'doing it' with the boys.

A few months later on a school day at noon my best girlfriend grabbed me by the arm and said "follow me … you're skipping and coming to drawing class."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have a male model for life drawing today and he is going to be naked!"

"I don't think I should come, I'll get in trouble! Besides the teacher won't let me in."

"You took her drawing class last term. Didn't you miss the day they had a model?"

"Yes, I was sick at home with a cold."

“I think she’ll say its fine because you missed last time they had a model.

“But last time it was a woman …”

“And this year it’s a man! Come on … this will be the first time you’ll see what boys looks like.”

She would not let go of my arm so I just let her drag me along. There was a sign on the studio door that said ‘do not enter drawing class in session.’ That didn’t stop her. She just knocked. When there was no answer she knocked again and again until the door swung open and there stood a man dress in a white robe wearing flip flops.

“I think you are a little early aren’t you?,” he said.

That didn’t stop my friend, she just smiled and pushed past him and the man had no choice but to let us both in. He closed the door behind us.

“The teacher is not here yet.” He said this quietly. “She won’t be back for another forty five minutes.”

My friend was bold beyond words. Pointing at me she said, “she has never seen a naked man before.”

He turned to me and said. “So today in life drawing class this will be your first time?” He said this more as a statement than a question.

“Well, I am not really in today’s class. But she is.” I pointed to my friend.

Without asking she grabbed one end of the belt of the man’s robe. There was an awkward silence. He didn’t stop her, so she took a step back, tugging on the belt and the robe opened. He stayed silent, letting his robe slide down off his shoulders and fall to the floor in a mound at his feet.

Then there in front of me was a naked man. My friend giggled. “Aren’t you glad you came?”

My heart was pounding. I had stopped breathing. I struggled to find the words.

Slowly he turned around to let me see all of him. He was beautiful.

By the time he had turned back to face me my friend had taken out her cellphone and was taking a picture of him and his naughty bits. He was not fast enough to stop her.

He hurried put his robe back on and said “you better erase that or we will all be in trouble.”

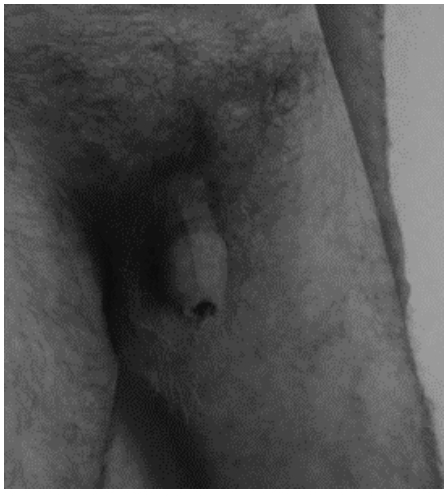
When he said this I had visions of my parents finding out I had been a naughty girl. I lost my nerve and said "I am going …" and flew from the room.

A few minutes later my friend texted me. "Where are you?"

I didn't answer.

"Its ok … he's not angry. You can come back."

Again I didn't answer. A minute later she sent me a picture she had taken of him.



Oh my god! My heart skipped a beat. I texted back. "I am not coming. I can't …"

"Why?"

“I just can’t …”

“Why then?”

I wished she would just let the whole matter drop! But she didn’t.

“Are you afraid?”

“No …”

“Embarrassed?”

“No …”

“Aroused?”

“Yes …very.” I was very aroused. I was in the girl’s bathroom fingering myself.

“What’s wrong with being aroused?”

“I won’t be able to concentrate and draw.”

“So? I don’t think any of the girls in the class will. We’ll just wet our panties …”

I was happy when the bell rang, announcing the end of lunch. I texted her "enjoy your drawing …I am going to class."

I went to Home Economics instead of the drawing class but I could not keep my mind on the sewing project I was working on, pricking my fingers several times and drawing blood more than once. My sex throbbed.

All during that hour my friend kept on texting me with the progress of the drawing class. And sending me pictures too! She knew exactly what she was doing to me.

I could feel my face getting warm as I began to blush. The pictures she was sending me was taking me through the different states of his arousal …

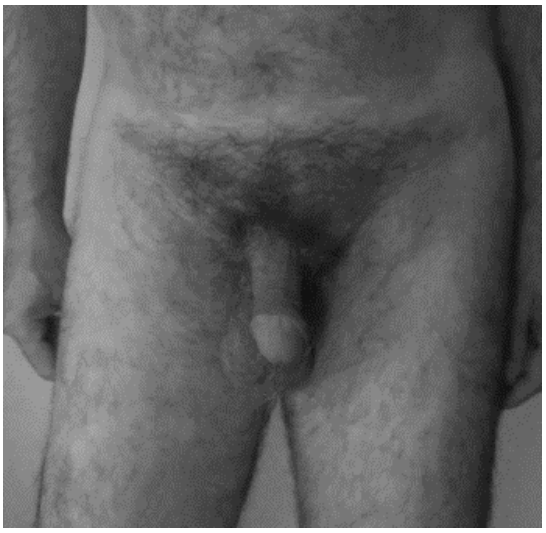
… and mine as well!

After several more messages and pictures my teacher saw I was distracted and said “shall I take away your phone? You know the rule about cellphones in class.”

I texted my friend to say “I need to concentrate on my sewing project” and that I was turning my phone off. I kept my cellphone off the rest of the afternoon at school and didn’t turn it back on until I got home. I was too aroused.

An hour after school I texted my friend to say “I am sorry I had to run off.” I felt bold enough to tell her “I went to pleasure myself …I was so aroused.”

She answered back. “You should have stayed, you would have seen more. My panties are still wet!” She sent me another picture. I wondered how she was able to take such spicy photos. Oh my god was I aroused!



I was alone in my room. I got up and locked the door. I took off my school uniform. When I took my bra off my nipples were hard. My panties were wet.

I stacked four pillows at the head of my bed and was now leaning back hard against the pillows, completely and unashamedly naked, with my legs spread very wide apart. I turned my bedroom lights off and the only glow was from my cellphone which I had placed between my legs propped up on my rolled up p j s. I began to please myself in the way that I knew best aroused me.

My back grew ever so hot against the pillows. My fingers began to get thick and viscid with my excitement. A few days ago I had ovulated and I was starting to thicken as my prelude to menstruation.

My friend somehow knew what I was doing and slowly sent me more pictures …one after another … to edge me on.

And a few minutes later … I watched as he grew …

And grew … imagining him there in front of me.

It was fascinating. I wish I had stayed and enjoyed this in person. But then I would not be able to find the pleasure I enjoyed in this moment.

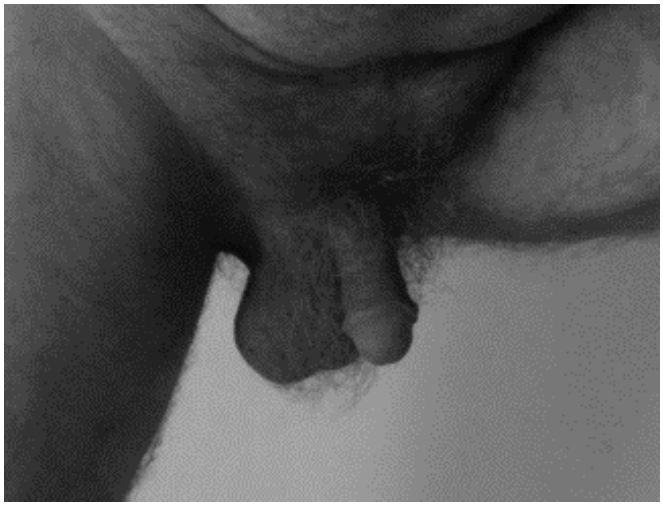
In a few minutes I think my sex was as red and aroused as his was! Then he was erect!

As I pleased myself I felt my fingers curl inwards and into me. Then my fingernail caught some skin and I felt a twitch of pain. When I looked down at my hand I could see a trickle of blood. That didn't stop me.

I closed my eyes and pressed on. I was being a very naughty girl. Then I came with a gush. I had to put my hand over my mouth to stifle my orgasmic joy.

After I was finished I texted my friend to tell her how wonderful I felt and to thank her for arousing me. Then I asked her how she got to take the pictures. "Cellphones are not allowed during class time!"

She sent me a kissy-kissy emoji with the words "you figure it out …" then she sent me one last picture … OMG are boys funny looking.



“He is really quite nice … he says he likes sitting for art students. I have asked him whether he will sit for just the two of us this Saturday … interested?”

“AM I! … WHEN & WHERE!”

It was only then that I noticed I had smeared blood all over the face of my cellphone. When I turned the light on I saw I had bled all over my bed sheets. I was a week away from my next period. How was I going to explain this to my mother without attracting suspicion? Frantically I texted my friend and asked her what I should do.

“Gather up the bed sheets and wrapped them in a plastic bag and hide it in your closet. Then, put on new bed sheets. When you have your next period put them back on your bed and no one will suspect a thing!” I did exactly what she said.

Then I had a hot shower to wash the blood off. While I was under the shower all I could think about were the pictures! Soaping myself made the feeling more intense. I had another orgasm. This time I did not stifle my happiness.

Boy, have I been a naughty girl!

Pictorial: I Don't Care That I'm Short!

The First Time I Felt Truly Close to a Boy by Aki Kurosawa

The first time I felt truly close to a boy, emotionally and physically, was when I was fourteen years old. It was also the first time, when I think back, I may have had an orgasm.

By fourteen I had the beginnings of my breasts and my period. I felt like an awkward fish swimming amongst my school classmates who all seemed to be preoccupied with either clothes, music or boys. I went to an all-girls school. Clothes didn't interest me (I was glad we wore school uniforms). My taste in music was classical (my mother had both my sister and I taking piano lessons – I still enjoy sitting and playing Chopin or Beethoven). And boys didn't interest me … just yet.

There was a high school a block away from my school and the boys there took it as a game to try to bed the girls at my all-girl school. The girls at my school took it as a game to tease, seduce and frustrate the boys. Yet there were some girls that let the boys have their way with them. One even got pregnant …

There was a battle between the genders going on that some took seriously. My mother told me to ignore their taunts and their grotesque behavior. My younger sister would take a different tact and be more popular with the boys then me. She knew how to '*manhandle'* them so that they would have their pleasures, while she would remain mistress of her own world. She had masturbated her first boy when she was twelve (he was sixteen). By the time she was thirteen she took to letting the boys play with their toys, while she

watched. On her wall calendar she had a secret code to keep tally of who, when and how often. It took me a few months to figure her code out (my parents never did). But never once did she let them get their way with her. My little sister kept her legs crossed. Her manhandling and voyeurism, and her thrill seeking life style, became very much part of her personality, which she still expresses to this day.

Both my sister and I managed to get through high school without steady boy-friends. We also both managed to get through our teenage years without being deflowered. At least I did. I never asked my sister.

There was one weekend when my younger sister went to a 'birthday party' and did not come home that night. She said she had stayed with one of her girl-friends but never admitted to my mother which one. I knew not to ask. I knew my sister very well. If she wanted to tell you something she would, but if she didn't want to there was no use trying to find out.

She did not tell me about that weekend 'birthday party', but there was a man that chased after her for a few weeks. She was thirteen at the time … and he was in his twenties.

If two plus two is equal to four, what does three plus three equal to?

I imagined that for those few weeks she 'manhandled him' or played the voyeur … then told him to 'go back to his wife.' I saw him only twice, once from afar when my sister asked me to chaperone her on the day she met up

with him in a public park to tell him 'it was over' between the two of them, and a second time on television when the police announced he had been caught trying to entice a fourteen year old over the net. They said he was a notorious seducer going back to when he was a high-school boy. Supposedly he had deflowered over a hundred girls starting when he was fifteen. The youngest girl was … if I told you, you will have nightmares. He is still in jail.

There was an inelegance to being a fourteen year old girl. I was no longer just a girl, but I was also not yet a woman either. I was scared. I was frightened because of what I saw happening to me. I became mindful of the hungry eyes of the boys that walked the same streets as I did. I took to staying home. I took to only going out with my family or with a few of my girls friends from school. I never walked home from school alone. When not wearing my school uniform I did not dress in fancy ways but tried to stay plain and girlish in my outfits to the point that some people thought my younger sister was older than I was. I let my younger sister say yes whenever she pleased because that brought her pleasure in people thinking this.

Yet I also felt urges I had not felt as a girl. Yes, I was curious about sex when I was younger, perhaps because it was an adult thing, and I wanted to learn the secrets of 'being an adult.' I am not embarrassed to admit that by the time I was fourteen I took to pleasing myself, sometimes three or four times a week. If you ask any honest girl that age they would tell you they too enjoyed masturbation.

When I was a young girl my father would sometimes take me to the Onsen and let me sit in the hot spring with him. I had seen what he looked like and tried to figure out how babies were made (he always seemed to be just hanging there, soft and small).

Once when the Onsen was crowded I had to sit in my father's lap. I did not expect this but I could feel his penis beneath my bottom. I could feel his warmth. And I could feel him grow in size. As this happened I did not know whether to hop off his lap or to press myself closer to him, so I just sat there. I looked up at my father and smiled nervously. He looked down at me and asked whether I wanted to go. I said no, leaned back and wrapped my arms around his neck. I could feel him stir beneath me as I hugged him. The sensation I felt at that instant left me both excited and uneasy. If I wanted to I could have been deflowered then and there.

My father was talking with one of the older men in the Onsen. He was preoccupied.

There was a self-conscious moment as I thought through what I would do next.

I pulled my legs apart a little but did not look down. I could feel him caress the inside of my thighs. I drew my legs together and trapped him. Then I closed my eyes and tried to imagine what it was I had caught.

Since I was a young girl sitting with the men in the Onsen out of modesty they had covered their penises with small white clothes. Whenever someone moved or got into or out of the Onsen a small wave would lift me off my father's lap, as if I was only tethered to him by his rope between my legs. And every time a little wave moved me about I felt a soft warmth between my legs. I looked down and could just see a bit of pinkness but the water was too disturbed for me to see clearly.

I was sad when it was time to leave. He carried me so that I could not look down and kept his back turned to me when we dressed. I would have loved to see my father in his full grandeur.

As we drove home that day from the Onsen I made a momentous mistake. I asked my father how babies are made. He turned to me and hard-heartedly said "I don't know … go ask your mother!" That was the last time my father took me to the Onsen with him. It was a monumental mistake for he knew I was now took old for me to share a bath or shower with him. I had bitten the apple in the Garden of Eden … I had become conscious of my sex.

Many years later I would read in a psychology textbook about the different fancies girls have for their fathers. There are at least a half-dozen! One of them is enjoying a bath or shower with their father.

When I was fourteen my neighbour gave birth to a baby boy. He was adorable. I enjoyed playing with him. I was of an age when the whole baby thing was a curiosity to me. How in the world can such a large baby go from

inside a woman's body to the outside? I asked my mother and she sort of explained. It sounded dreadfully painful. I could barely put two fingers inside of me when I pleased myself. Then there is breast feeding and all this other stuff.

I suspect my mother talked with my neighbour, for one Tuesday after school my neighbour invited me over and spent the afternoon letting me help her look after her son. I sat with her as she nursed her son. She showed me how to bottle feed him. She taught me how to bath him and change his diapers. Then she asked me to look over him as he slept so that she could go for a walk around the block (she left me her cell number if there was an emergency – but she was only gone for fifteen minutes). Everything was fine when she returned.

Then she asked if I might baby sit him on Saturday. "I have asked your mother and she says its fine. She will be next door if you need help." My heart skipped a beat! I said I would love to!

They would be gone four hours to join some of her husband's business partners for a formal dinner. It would be the first time she would be apart from her baby.

There was a bit of anxiety in her and in me as well. "I will call you in a few hours to see how you are doing. Call me if there is an emergency." Then I was alone with the little boy.

I felt a maternal emotion and just sat there watching him sleep in his crib. He was amazing. His little ears, and nose, and fingers and toes. Then he awoke and started to cry and I wondered why. When I picked him up I knew why. He had wet himself.

I had to undress him and while I had changed his diaper once before, the first time I had barely registered the fact he was a boy. When I had changed him the first time he hung like a little elephant with a wrinkly trunk. This time he was quite erect. I used some of the wipes to clean and dry him but that made him more aroused. The tip of him was showing through his foreskin. So, silly me, I took a wipe and tried to dry this too, which made him jiggle, giggle and squirm, and even more erect!

I could not put a diaper on him in this state. But I also could not just let him lay in this state either. He would catch cold. So I decided to give him a bath.

When I got to the bathroom something maternal inside me said "you should hold him in the bath" and so I poured a bath and took off my things and stepped into the bath holding on to him. I could feel his little penis pressed against my right breast as we stepped into the bath.

I lay back and laid him across my legs. He looked up at me with a quizzical expression and started to giggle. I cupped my hands and took some water and poured it across his legs. He kicked but I knew that it was an involuntary response for he only kicked once. I poured some water across his sex. I had hoped a bath would calm him, but he was still very aroused. I wondered if

boys are wired from birth to be aroused. I poured some water across his chest. He smiled at me his eyes looking directly into mine.

I lifted him off my legs and held him in front of me. I opened my legs and set his feet onto the bottom of the bath. I noticed some blood in the bath and wondered whether he had hurt himself. Then I remembered it was my time of the month. Should we continue to share our bath, I thought, or should we just get out and dry him.

He jiggled and giggled. He was enjoying his bath. Then as I held him by his hands he tried to take a step. He was still too young to walk but the walking impulse was in him. His feet began to move and I could feel his toes brush against the inside of my thighs and my sex.

When his toes brushed against my sex he looked down at me and then at his own penis as if to wonder why we were so different. His toe touched my sex again and I shuddered. Surely he is too young to seek the difference between boys and girls! He became anxious and wanted to be hugged and so I hugged him. His toes pressed against my sex and his penis against my breast and at that moment I shuddered again. I could feel my body flush. It was the first time, when I think back, I may have had an orgasm. It happened while I hugged this baby boy in the bath. I felt so warm inside …

Then the phone started to ring and I had to quickly get the two of us out of the bath and wrapped together in a bath towel as I dashed to answer the phone. Then I unwrapped us and set the towel down on the chair. It was his mother

phoning to ask how things are. I told her he had woken up and wet his diaper and I was giving him a bath, and that I was about to put him back in his crib.

He squirmed in my arms. We were now both naked but warm from our bath. His penis was pressed against my right breast as I sat and spoke to his mother on the phone. I looked down at him and shuddered again. I paused, swallowed and tried hard to keep my voice from expressing my emotions.

"Are you ok?"

I paused before I answered. "Yes, I am holding him. Your son is so beautiful."

"He is, isn't he! I am very lucky."

I was looking into his eyes as his mother said this. They sparkled with happiness.

"Maybe you should feed him before you lay him back down to sleep."

I said that I would try to feed him but he seemed a bit tired. I said this to set her mind at rest. In actual fact he seemed fully awake.

"We may be home a bit later. Maybe an hour. I will call you to tell you when we are on our way home."

Then we were alone once again. I did not wrap us back into our towel but set him on my hip. I could feel his sex against my hip. I carried him in my arms to the kitchen and took a bottle out of the fridge and put it into the bottle warmed and pressed the start button. Then I sat him back in my lap waiting for his bottle.

He was so beautiful to behold. He looked up at me smiled and giggled. This was the first time I felt truly close to a boy, emotionally and physically. I felt aroused and maternal at the same time. I wondered if this is how mothers feel when they hold their baby boys? Many years later I would read in a psychology textbook about the different fancies mothers have for their baby boys. Here too there are at least a half-dozen!

I looked at him and wondered what he would be like when he was my age. I wondered if he would be tame or taunting.

The bottle was ready and so I took it and tried to feed him. He fussed and fussed and so a thought came to mind. I squeezed a few drops of the bottled milk on my breast and then brought him up to suckle. He took to my nipple and suckled. Every few seconds when he stopped for a breath I place some more on my breast.

The sensation of his suckling was enough to make me swoon! I could feel my arousal between my legs and the wetness of me grow moment by moment as he tickled my nipple as he suckled. Even today when a man tickles my nipple

with his lips it brings me to orgasm (but I have not let all my boy friends discover this fact, only the ones I truly felt close to).

I could tell that he was slowly growing tired. He stopped suckling. I cleaned his face and lifted him ever so carefully and noticed that he was once again a wrinkled elephant.

He was asleep when I put his diaper on and put him into a clean night shirt and set him into his crib.

I decided to pour myself a new bath and sit in the bath tub. I am not embarrassed to say (and most women would understand) that there are certain pleasures a girl can find with a hand spray in a bath tub. I was already aroused to the point that it took only a soft spray to bring me once again to ecstasy.

I dried myself, put my clothes back on. I folded to towel and put it into my bag. I would wash it and return it to my neighbor (with whatever explanation that might seem plausible). I then sat in the chair in his room watching him sleep and listening to his breathing. There was a night light and so I could make out the happiness on his face.

Then the phone rang again and it was his mother saying they were on their way back. When I put the phone down I went back to stand at his crib. I swear as I looked won at him I could feel his tiny feet caressing my sex.

When he was four or five his mother started to take him to the Onsen. One weekend she invited me to come with the two of them to the Onsen.

That afternoon I did not know but my neighbor took several pictures of me with her pocket camera when I had my back turned to her. Why I don't know … She showed me the pictures just a few weeks ago. I asked her why she took the pictures and she said it was because I was so very beautiful.

That afternoon when we got into the Onsen the little boy didn't want to sit on his mother's lap. He wanted to sit in my lap. I had a towel covering my breasts and sex so I let him.

He kept on reaching down and putting his hands around the outside of my thighs. Since he, his mother and I were the only people in the Onsen I let him have a bit of leeway in his behavior.

His mother had her back to the two of us for a minute or so. This let him move his hands around the outside of my thighs until his fingers were caressing the inside of my thighs. Then he moved his hands closer to my sex. He was about to do an indiscretion when his mother slowly started to turn back towards us.

Like a little angel he now sat with his hands crossed across his lap.

I decided to have a bit of fun so I opened my legs a little bit and he put his feet between my legs. It was an invitation of sorts to him. I was curious to see if he remembered the time when we had taken a bath together.

I started to flush in anticipation as he slowly turned to face me in my lap. His toes were pressed up against my sex which was under the towel. I could feel his toes move about.

He was no longer a wrinkled little elephant. He looked up into my eyes. It was the same happiness that his eyes had when we last shared a bath together when he was nine months old. I gave him a big hug as he pressed his toes with even more ardor into my sex.

Then the towel fell and he could see my breasts, the breasts that I had once suckled him with. His eyes did not leave mine. This brought us both indescribable pleasure …

He is grown up now … Recently my neighbor invited me to come just with her to the Onsen. I thought it would be nice to catch up on news with her because I have known her half my life and because I don't see her that often. That afternoon there was no one else about except the two of us in the Onsen.

We talked a little about her son. She was so proud of him. He was a straight A student at school. He did his chores around the house. He was polite and kind to people. I smiled hearing this.

She then paused and bowed her head and told me how guilty she felt of taking pictures of me at the Onsen without asking. She then handed me her camera and asked me to take a picture of her.

I waited until she was about to step into the hot spring. Her face is turned away and so she could be any of a million Japanese women.

I only took one picture, then handed back her camera. She is lovely isn't she!

Then we talked about when I would get married and when I would have children. I am in my twenties now and unattached and wonder about this too. But this is a story for another day.

Colour through the Eyes of Fauvists by Yanfei Li

and by Patrick Bruskiewich

Colour plays a central role in art. Colour has been explored by many European artists, such as the Impressionists and Fauvists, and a growing number of Asian contemporary artists. Traditional Chinese art either relies on earthy colours and basic shades of black, red, green and blue or on a modest colour pallet. Contemporary Asian artists such as Fang Li Jun and Zeng Fan Zhi are exploring a more lively selection of colours, in some cases emulating the Impressionists and Fauvists.

The Central Importance of Colour in Contemporary Art

Colour has been a form of courageous artistic expression. The central importance of colour in modern art has been outlined by many European artists including the Swiss artist and Bauhaus teacher Johannes Itten in his book *The Elements of Colour* [1] (first published in German and later translated into English) which is a standard reference book for most Atelier trained artists. Itten's colour star, presented a century ago, was just one among many variations on the twelve-hue colour wheel that Bauhaus instructors and students developed.

In outlining a theory of colour, Johannes Itten identified seven fundamental categories of colour and colour contrast: [1]

1. hue,
2. light-dark,
3. cold-warm,
4. complementary,
5. analogous,
6. saturation, and
7. extension.

Itten's colour star featured six concentric circles with twelve "meridians" radiating from their circumference. Each meridian line dissects the center of the circles to connect with its polar opposite in space, while Itten's "equatorial zone" displays the twelve pure colours from a classic twelve-hue colour wheel.

Itten represented several of these attributes in a Colour Star:

Fig. 1: Johannes Itten's Colour Star

Itten explained how the star could be used to study colour and its contrasts: [2]

> "Reading outward, we have the zones of tints, the zone of the pure hues [equatorial zone], and the two zones of shades, with black at the extreme points of the star."

A contemporary and colleague of Itten, Paul Klee, developed a six-colour theory that began with the line and led, through mutations in direction and acceleration, toward the colour wheel.

Klee argues for the use of complementary colours to balance each other out. He also outlined the 'difficulty' of integrating the bold, fiery tones of yellow and violet together into an artwork.[3] Paul Klee's colour theory closely matches how our eyes perceive colour.

Wassily Kandinsky arrived at the Bauhaus already a renowned expert on colour theory. Colour has been described in dynamic terms by Kandinsky – "Colour is a power which directly influences the soul." Kandinsky's book *On the Spiritual in Art* established distinct emotional and spiritual associations between specific colours and forms, theorising these as general artistic principles. [4]

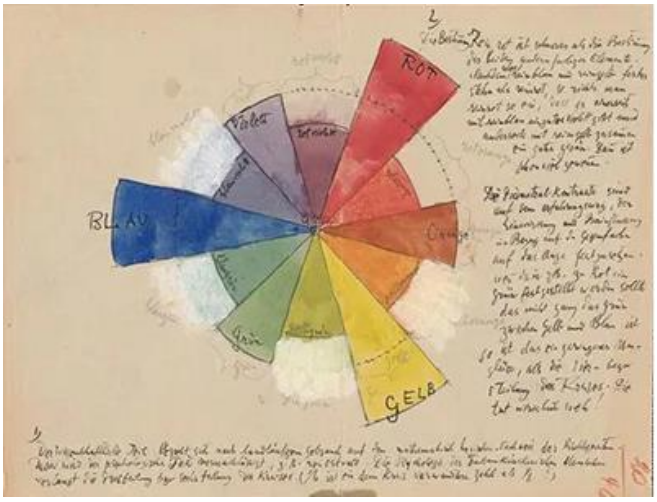


Fig. 2: Paul Klee's Six- Colour Wheel

Fig. 3: Georges Seurat, Les Modeles, 1888

In the 19th century a new theory of colour was presented by the pointillists or divisionists like George Seurat and his friend Camille Pissaro. The use of points of colour was a time consuming and somewhat problematic colour expression.

Another 19th century artist who had his own colour interpretation was Vincent van Gogh who is best remembered for his painting of Sunflowers, his self-portraits and his Starry Night which was inspired by a digitalis induced hallucination (he was under a doctor's care and being treated for a number of maladies, including type II diabetes).

Fig. 4: Starry Night, Vincent van Gogh, 1889

Vincent van Gogh painted Starry Night in 1889 during his incarceration at the asylum of Saint-Paul-de-Mausole near Saint-Rémy-de-Provence being treated for mental health issues. Van Gogh lived a privileged life in the hospital and was allowed more freedoms than most of the other patients. If accompanied by a staff member, he could leave the hospital grounds to paint. As an artist he was given a studio and allowed to paint. While in the asylum he suffered from paranoia and fits. He would later fall into depression and commit suicide. Van Gogh painted 35 self –portraits.

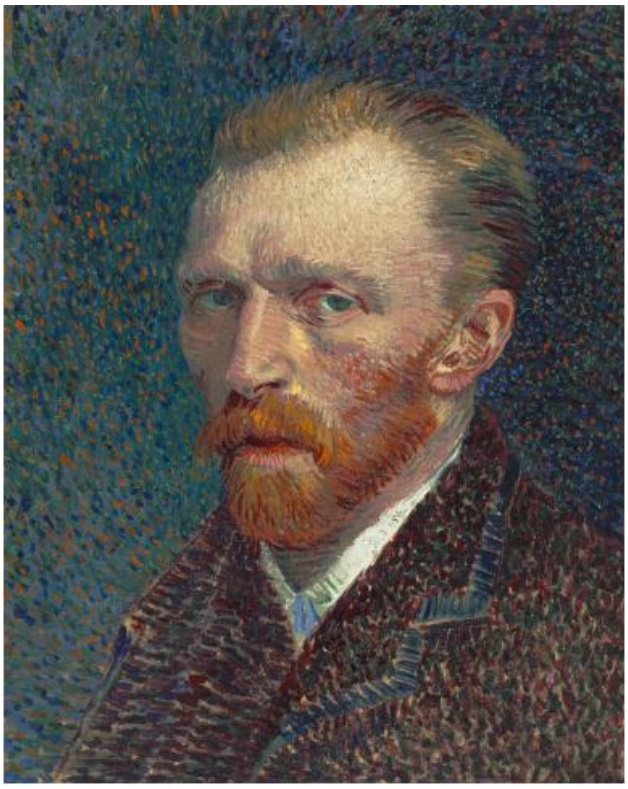


Fig. 5: Vincent van Gogh, Self-portrait 1887

Paul Klee is an artist who represents the colour expression of the German School. He is not as well-known as many of his contemporary, nor as controversial, but in the work of artistic praxis he is an artist that should be noted. One of his iconic works is Senecio.

Senecio is a painting in the cubist style and was done while Klee was teaching at the Bauhaus. In this simple painting you can the full expression of Klee's colour theory.

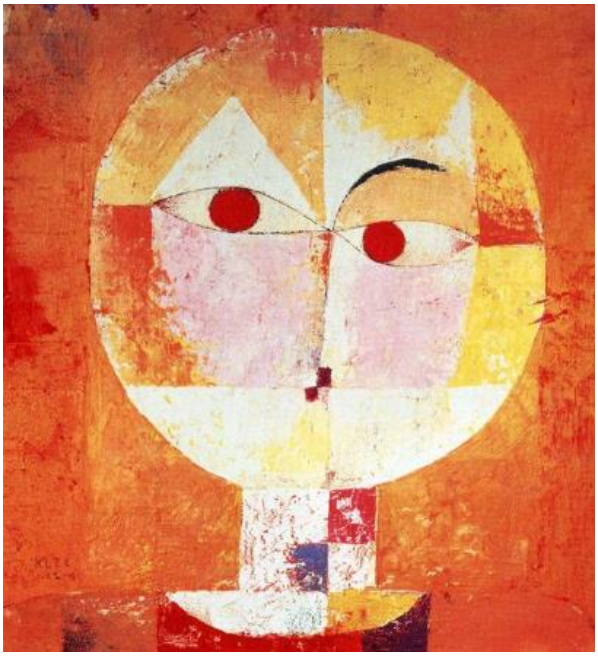


Fig. 6: Paul Klee, Senecio, 1922

Colour was central to the work of one of the most influential artists of the 20th century Henri Matisse. He is considered the father of *Fauvism* – which is French for "beasts." Fauvist artists broke away from traditional theories of colour as well as established impressionist methods in using colour in spectacular ways.

The mantra of the Fauvists was the wild experimenting of art and artistic form using exaggerated colours, composing their paintings based on "beastly" colour contrasts – hence the designation of Fauvism.

One of his most infamous painting is that of the Woman with a Hat a painting of his wife Amelie which was exhibited in the *Salome D'Automne* 1905.

Fig. 7: Henri Matisse, Woman With a Hat, 1905

This is the painting which would make Henri Matisse a Fauvist.[5]

Colour in Traditional Chinese Art

Colour plays a central role in Traditional Chinese Art. In Traditional Chinese Art there are five central colours: Black, Red, Quing, White and Yellow. In terms of Chinese Metaphysics these five colours represent water, fire, wood, metal and Earth. They also represented points on a compass and have their own meaning. Other colours were consider lesser colours. [6]

Colour	Represents	Compass	Meaning
Black	Water	North	A neutral colour
Red	Fire	South	Good fortune and Joy
Qing	Wood	East	Health, prosperity and Harmony
White	Metal	West	Brightness, purity and fulfillment
Yellow	Earth	Center	Beautiful and prestigious colour

Table 1: Traditional Chinese Colours

In terms of the colours yellow represents the center of the colour compass.

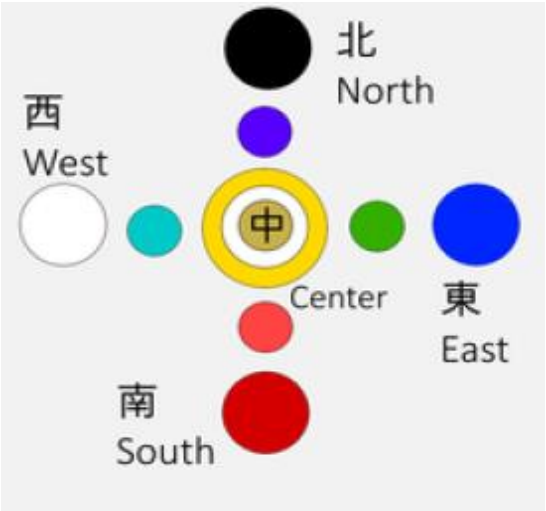


Fig. 8: Traditional Chinese Colours and Meanings

The five traditional Chinese colours can be found in the flag of the Qing Dynasty

Fig. 9: Flag of the Qing Dynasty (1636 – 1912)

Colour and Two Chinese Contemporary Artists

Let us consider the contemporary Chinese artist Fang Li Jun.

Fang Li Jun is a Chinese artist who is one of the leading members of Cynical Realism cultural movement in 1990s China, where artists created unconventional and bold artworks that convey deeper messages. In his artwork, bright & drastically contrasting colour as well as unique looking figures are often utilised. The artwork shown in Fig. 10, named "2016", is a woodblock print that was created and displayed for Fang's 2017 "This All Too Human World" exhibition. It features bald, yellow shaded figures looking up, with expressions ranging from concern, confusion, anger, fear, to hope or even happiness. [7]

Fig. 10: '2016' by Fang Li Jun

His careful selection of colour is apparent in this artwork. Excluding the shading & outlining, there are only 5 main colours used. Yellow as the skin of the figures, green, black, blue and red for the clothes of the figures. The yellow used is saturated, vibrant and bright, while the green, black, blue and red are cooler toned and look faded. This creates a large contrast in the painting that draws the attention of the viewers onto the faces. This saturated yellow colour also produces a strain on the viewer's eyes, resulting in an uncomfortable feeling that Fang wants to portray.

To further push his message for people to rebel and seek truth & freedom, almost everything else on the piece is a cool tone. This creates an active &

passive contrast, where the yellow faces are active, loud, and attract attention, and the other colours are passive, quieter, and easily ignored. With this contrast, Fang forces the viewer's attention onto the faces of the bald figures, making them feel uneasy and wanting to look away while not being able to.

The cultural significance in the colour yellow is that yellow symbolises colour and the "center" in traditional Chinese art. In ancient China, the colour yellow is only reserved for the emperor to use and wear.

Fang's drastic use of colour fits into the experimentational style of fauvists, as does his purpose and intention behind his artworks.

A second contemporary Chinese artist who has a refined colour sense is Zeng Fan Zhi.[8]

As a contemporary Chinese artist inspired by international forces like Pablo Picasso and by traditional Chinese art, Zeng Fan Zhi uses vivid colours and complex brushwork in his paintings. His art style constantly evolves based on his physical and emotional environment, and his work often possesses calculated expressionist techniques, symbolism and emotional directness. The artwork shown above is named "Van Gogh III" and is part of his Van Gogh exhibition, which was displayed at the Van Gogh museum in Amsterdam.

Fig. 11: Van Gogh III, Zeng Fan Zhi

The work is a tribute to Van Gogh's Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear and Pipe, as Zeng paints expressive brushstrokes & uses pops of colour as a signature of his own art style. In this artwork, there's only a few primary colours used, predominantly green, red, blue, yellow, black and white. Zeng expresses his emotions and his artistic intention with this wild usage of colour. While the brushstrokes contour the outline of the self-portrait, it also adds complexity and layers onto the artwork, creating a more hectic and invigorating piece.

Though Zeng does not have a large range of control over the colours of this piece since it's based on Van Gogh's self-portrait, he has liberty in choosing the light colours that he used for the brushstrokes he added on top of the portrait. This creates a contrast between the front and back layers of the painting, since the back layers use dimmer colours as to the front layers that use comparatively lighter colours.

Zeng Fan Zhi's artistic praxis is in flux as he explores several themes and concepts.

Conclusion

In contemporary China there is a tug of war between traditional artistic sensibilities regarding colour and modern ones. To use bright colours outside of the social contract in present day China can lend a rebellious patina to contemporary art. It can also lead to censure and criticism. To some degree this criticism mirrors the criticism that may have once been leveled towards the Impressionists and Fauvists.

It will be interesting to see how the colour pallet among contemporary Chinese artists may evolve during the 21st century. Perhaps this evolution will mirror the evolution of colour sensibilities among the Impressionists and Fauvists during the last century. Only time and courageous artistic expression will tell.

References:

1) Itten, J., The Elements of Colour, refer to: https://monoskop.org/images/4/46/Itten_Johannes_The_Elements_of_Color.pdf

2) The Bauhaus Theory of Colour, refer to: https://www.getty.edu/research/exhibitions_events/exhibitions/bauhaus/new_artist/form_colour/colour/

3) Klee, P., https://www.paul-klee.org/colours/

4) Kandinsky, W. On the Spiritual in Art, 1911, refer to: https://www.csus.edu/indiv/o/obriene/art206/onspiritualinart00kand.pdf

5) Matisse, H., refer to: https://www.henrimatisse.org/woman-with-a-hat.jsp

6) Colours in Chinese Culture, refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Color_in_Chinese_culture#:~:text=In%20traditional%20Chinese%20art%20and,taught%20in%20traditional%20Chinese%20physics.

7) Refer to: https://www.saatchigallery.com/artist/fang_lijun

8) Refer to: http://www.artnet.com/artists/zeng-fanzhi/

Drawing the Male Nude for the First Time by Cindy Xie

[**Vancouver**] I was very disappointed when my parents said NO!.

No!

No!

No!

Parents like to think they can protect their children from the sins in the world. Fathers like to think they are protecting their daughters. Traditional Chinese fathers in particular. But everywhere you turn there is sin and immorality of one sort or another. From a young age girls in particular learn to steer clear of it. It's the boys who are the ones to fall in with sin. It's the boys that should be locked away.

Why were my parents so emphatic in their NO? I am a teen age girl who wants to become an artist. Ever since I was old enough to hold a wax crayon I enjoyed the sensation of being creative. It brings a funny feeling to me, to my heart, my soul, to my belly and … to my sex. Yes, I have used that three letter word … but not to express sin but to express something artistry. I think that feeling is pure happiness.

I am happiest when I am being artistic … when I have a pencil, or a pastel in my hand, drawing the world around me. I have also discovered the joys of painting and of sculpture.

When I was in elementary school I began to take an interest in drawing Manga – which is Japanese animation. Chinese have an artistic style but it is not a free and liberating as the Japanese. The Japanese live in a post-modern world while China is still very much pre-modern.

Yes, as you may have guessed. My parents at a young age sent me to learn traditional Chinese Art. I can do calligraphy and water colors –mostly in black watercolt – and have learned how to convey somber mood and seriousness to my art. But I don't really find traditional Chinese art all that interesting.

In middle school I took to drawing self-portraits and the portraits of my friends. I even made a few Mangas which I shared with some of my friends. The girls found them romantic and cute. The boys found them boring and well 'too girly.'

So one day I decided to shock the boys and drew a racy Manga with barely clothed girls with boys chasing them – trying to tear their clothes off. The Japanese call them *Kureiji Manga* which literally means *Crazy Manga*. Some of the boys thought I was drawing a 'wishful' Manga – that I wanted them to chase after me and well … tear my clothes off me. One even tried, but I punched him in the eye. He got the message!

I still draw some *Kureiji Manga*, but I do so with a pen name … *Green Apple* … and in secret … because the boys in my class still get a bit crazy. I have a Persian friend who is a bit crazy … she suggested I start to draw bisexual Manga, with girl parts up top and boy parts down below. She even gave me a picture to use …

I had some fun with my Persian friend and said "so that's what boy bits look like … sort of silly don't you think?'

In the Manga, girls are playing boys … the boy parts are '*strap-ons*' … something my Persian friend introduced me to. Where she got this thing I will never know. She has a way with her that is almost magical. She asked me

one day to play the boy while she wanted to, show me how IT is done. No … I just played the boy. It was truly extraordinary. But I just *did IT* once with her last June. My Persian friend is back in Iran for the summer. Perhaps her parents know what she is up to? I hope she comes back.

If my mother ever found out that I sort of 'did IT as a boy' with my friend I would be locked away and she would throw away the key … or worst yet, send me back to China to live with my Aunt and her three daughters.

In September I start my final year in high school and next year I hope to go to art school back east in either Toronto or Montreal. I have started to put together my portfolio for OCAD or Concordia. I admit I want to go somewhere else other than one of the universities here in Vancouver, like Emily Carr (but in the end I may have to go there if my parents don't let me go to another city for university).

You see my parents don't trust me. How I found this out was unexpected. One day in May when I was in the shower my mother came into the bathroom to give me a new towel and noticed I was shaved … you know where ... down there.

She got very upset! She almost shrieked at me when she asked … '*Who did this?'* It was one of my school friends who had shaved me (don't worry it was a friend) but I lied and said I had done it myself.

'*Why! It is unnatural for you to do this.*' She insisted she wanted to see.

I was embarrassed … so at first said no. But my mother would not let me leave the bathroom until I let her see. So I leaned back against the wall, closed my eyes and spread my legs just a bit.

I could feel my mother's fingers spread my lips apart. Now I understood why she wanted to look. It wasn't about my lack of hair. She wanted to see whether I was still a virgin.

When I opened my eyes I was alone in the bathroom. I felt a strange sensation that was a mixture of both fear and anger.

My school friend who trimmed me back is my Persian friend who has lots of hair down there and under her arms. She has to shave herself quite often. Once when we were in the changing room at school I noticed out of the corner of my eye that her pubic hair was trimmed in the shape of a heart and so I asked her where she went to have it done.

"*Oh, I have to do it myself. At $ 50 each session I can't afford to have someone else do a Brazilian …*"

I am so naïve I had to ask her what a Brazilian was … "*A trimming and waxing*." I wax my legs once and awhile and boy does that hurt. I can only imagine how it feels to have your … you know what … waxed!

During this summer my parents finally let me take drawing classes at a teaching studio. But the one thing they would not let me do is draw the human figure. I was not even allowed to sit in as the other artists drew the female models. It wasn't as if I would not see something I haven't already seen, except perhaps bigger breasts than I have. Chinese girls rarely have big breasts. Mine are small like little apples … In fact that is what I call them, my little apples. So for this July and August I started to draw portraits of instead. Most times it is the students at the art studio I visit each Thursdays.

Several of the European Masters inspire me in my art, including Rodin, Klimt, Picasso, Matisse and even Schiele. I have even sat and tried to draw myself … in some of the poses you see in some of the great European Masters. When you hold a pencil you can experiment with so many drawing statements.

When we have life drawing in the studio I have to sit at my easel at the far side of the room with my back turned to the model's podium. I finally had a chance to draw the male figure for the first time. It was last week. The studio had a very broad minded male artist model in to sit. During the break he sat and ate some sushi and so I walked over and said hello to him. I made it looked like I was searching for some more charcoal for my drawing in a cupboard next to him. He smiled and looked back at my easel and asked me what I was drawing.

"Oh it's a self-portrait."

"What is it for?"

“My portfolio for art school.”

“Can I go and see …” and he got up and walked over to my easel. He stood there are admire my drawing. I stood next to him and when he leaned forward it was then that I noticed he had taken off his loin cloth and was holding it in his hand. He stepped back without noticing that I had caught a glimpse of him. My face went flush.

“It is very good … your drawing.”

“Thank’s …” I blushed even more.

“You don’t do life drawing?”

“I would like to but …”

“But what?”

“My parents won’t let me.”

“Oh that’s too bad. You would enjoy life drawing.” There was a pause of a few seconds then he took up a pencil and wrote his email and the word *Atelier* on a corner of one of my pieces of paper and then set the pencil down.

“I have to go back now …”

"Ok …."

"You might want to move your easel a bit."

"Why?"

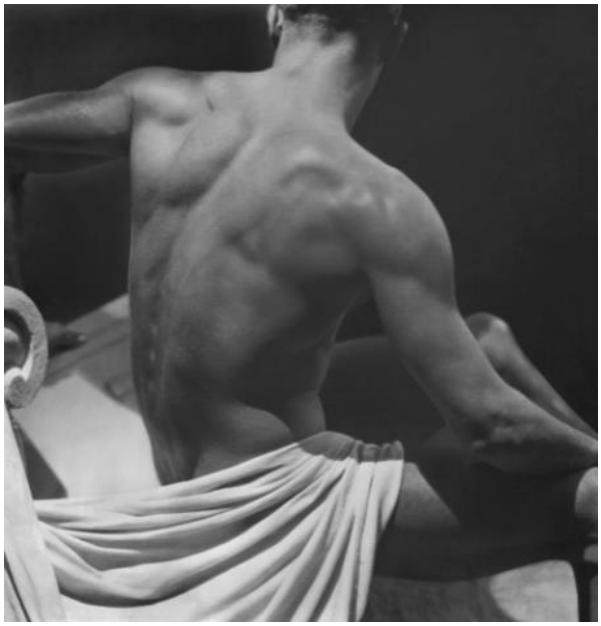
You'll see." And with those three enigmatic words he walked back to the other side of the studio.

When the second half of the life drawing session began he loudly said to the other students "I am going to remove my loin cloth and wear some drapery, but I will keep my back turned to you so you can draw my back."

My heart skipped a beat. If he was going to turn his back to the other students then this meant he would be facing me!

And sure enough as I looked up over at him there he stood on the podium like a roman senator, drapery hanging from both arms and his masculinity there bare to my view. I heard him say … "it's a fifteen minute pose so take your time."

I knew he was speaking to me. I turned my easel slightly towards him, grabbed my charcoal and started to draw. That was the first time I drew the male form and enjoyed every minute of the experience.



Male Nude by George Hoyningen-Huene

At the end of the session after he dressed he walked slowly by my easel. He smiled at me as he walked past and whispered "now you have drawn the male form."

I smiled back. I put my hand in my pocket and touched the piece of paper he had given me. My fingers tingled.

I want to come visit his Atelier and draw him some more!

Pictorial: Cindy's Artist's Model …

A fine collection of Art Books

Atelier Press

A growing collection of titles

Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

How to Manhandle … by Emilie Wu

I have a Chinese boyfriend who enjoys being manhandled. He recently asked my sister and I to photograph him as I manhandled him. He is a bit kinky to be perfectly honest. I had never seen him so big. Perhaps it was the fact that we were photographing him, or perhaps it was the presence of my sister (who flirts with him all the time).

Here are the pics! Today he sort of reminds me of a sea cucumber.

He particularly enjoys when I tug on his scrotum.

I ask him if this hurts and while he says no I can tell by the expression on his face that it does.

Then he asks me to tug harder!

After a few minutes of tugging his balls starts to turn blue.

Then he says twist and squeeze harder …

and so I twist …

and I squeeze as hard as I can …

Now it’s time he says … So I begin to masturbate him

as I squeeze his balls tightly in an instance he comes …

… and comes … he sprays all over …

which really surprised me (my sister couldn't stop giggling).

Kitan Poetry

Poems by Aki Kurosawa

Only if we Don't Play the Chase

Girls think that boys have more fun
Boys say that girls do …
So what of these two plays
are in fact true?

Boys do chase after girls
But girls are not to chase after boys!
So boys have more fun? Well, perhaps
It depends on whether you like the chase?

Boys don't need to 'be careful' do they?
But girls have to be, don't we?
Otherwise the fun is over …
Girls with big pregnant bellies
Are not chased after and can't run
fast enough to catch up
with the fathers of their babies.
Can they? The fathers keep on running …
Honestly I think that girls
have more fun … don't we?
But only if we don't
Play the chase …

If They are the Right Fit

When I meet a boy
For the first time
I like to ask them
What interests you?

If they say money
I take them shopping
After the third date
They leave me … Why?
They don't want to spend
their money on me!

If they say sports …
I take them to watch
A baseball game
And then I sneak away.
They never notice I am gone.

If they say they like films …
We usually watch the French
New Wave … each film
I know by heart. They don't
What about Truffault? Ummm …

So much for film!

If they say they are into video games
I know they have yet to grow up.
Otaku imasu … their mothers still
Look after them. No thanks!
No mothering from me please.

If they are into art then out
Comes my sketch book and
Pencils. '*Will you sit for me?*'
I ask them. Some do, most don't
If they do I size them up …

If they are the right fit … not
too big … or only into themselves
mind you … only then do I let
them ask '*Can I draw you too*?'
I like this play …
As they size me up too.

If Only They Knew

I wished I knew
what turned boys off
because I know what

turns them on.

Beer and baseball,
yes that's a Japanese thing!
manga with
too much exposed

School girls in their
short skirts
taking the subway
with their panties
showing as they hang
tight to their school books
with one arm and
to the strap overhead
with the other.

There was a time when
I too struggled
there in the subway
and had tubby
sweating boys,
try to film me up skirt/

If only they knew
what turned me on

then I would have
given them for free
what they tried to
steal from me

If they had carried
my books – they would
not have needed their manga.

Pictorial: The softness of love …

i am a fool by Wing Wing Fung

i am a fool
for believing that life
is intertwined and
created to my taste.

i am a fool
for believing and falling
for the micro problems
that inhibit my human experience
of the present ....

drowned in thoughts,
feelings, and things
i have been conditioned
to be my reality,

i have lost touch
with enjoying the present.
the mindless moment of the all.

to be lost amidst bliss
and find pleasure
between the self induced chaos.

turn off …
the jarring feelings of anxiety
and enjoy the
contemporary way of life

of being free of primal traumas
and blocking out … modern problems.

no longer shall we confine ourselves
within our own mental prisons

and see things for what they are.

see our life for what it is
- a mindless,
comical,
self controlled reality
engulfed in comfort,
safety,
and peace ....

These Unfulfilled Thoughts … by Alyssa Yu

Forcefully my body
was dragged through
the dusted room.

My stitched rag frictioned
against the repelling floor …
dead skin rapidly
drifted off my body.

Salted water leisurely
drained off of my pale expression,
my eyes reluctantly
stared at the ignoble man.

Gazing above, the clouded sky,
a slight of light radiated
on the surface of my skin,
drying the salted water.

Sitting on the turbid ground,
resting myself …
hope …
peace …
home …

family …
friends…

these unfulfilled thoughts
revolved in my imagination.

Tears falling, drifting and evaporating.
The gun was propelled
into my aching hands.
I held it, sobbing.
How could I be holding this?

The black were shot vividly in sight.
Holding the gun,
hopelessly
placing my palm towards my eyes

Kitan Art

Our Splendid Minotaur by Reiko

[**Vancouver**] For the past two years I was in Vancouver taking courses and studying to improve my English. Lucky for me I was able to share an apartment with three of my high school friends – my older sister Keiko, an older friend Yuki and my friend Aki. While we were living in Vancouver we met many interesting and kind friends. We are all now back in Japan.

It was Yuki who introduced us to the Minotaur. She had met him at the Main Branch of the Vancouver Public Library. He was sitting reading an interesting book about Pablo Picasso and Minotaur art. Yuki struck up a conversation with him and they discussed Pablo Picasso (Yuki's favorite artist). That very afternoon Yuki invited him to join the four of us for dinner. It was over dinner that he told us that he sometimes sits for his artist friends when they want to do art. We asked if he would sit for us. Over the next six months all four of us did art with him. Yuki even did a very unique university project with him!

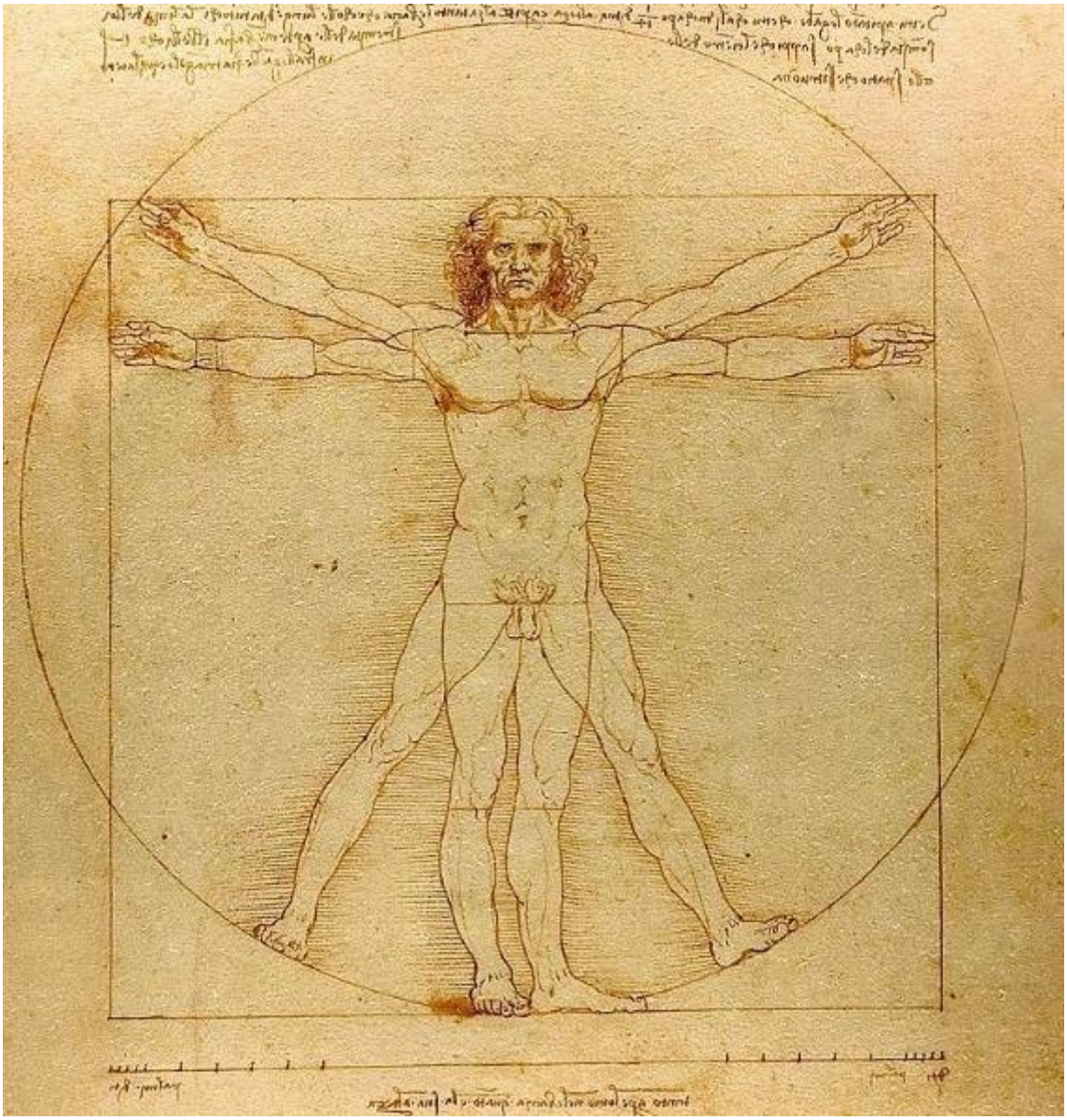
Since I cannot draw or paint or sculpt very well he let me take photographs of him as a Minotaur. What struck me as being very special is that he is very shy … when I finally convinced him to take off his loin cloth, he would not let me photograph him … completely. It was only when I set the camera down that he became less modest.

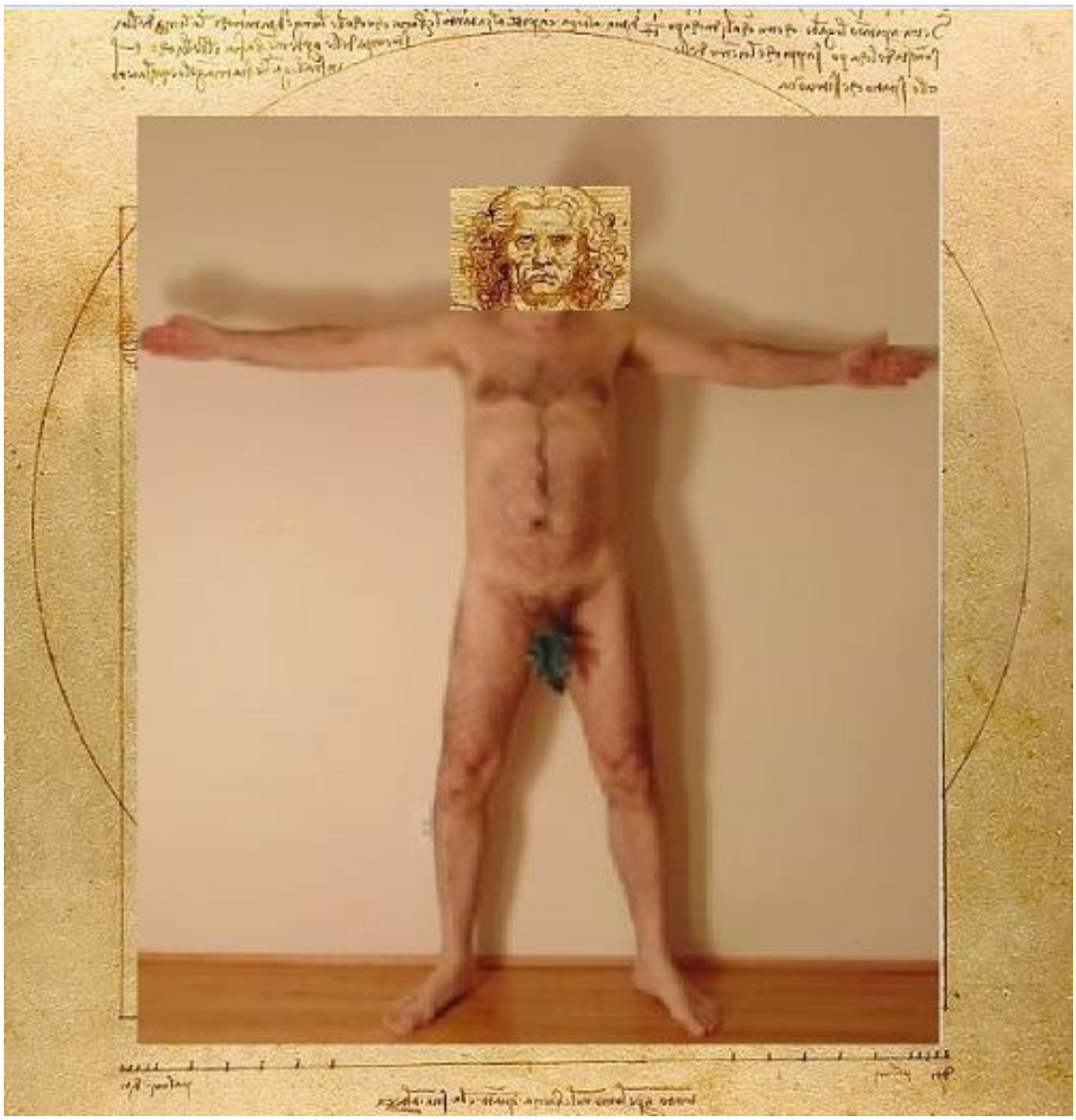
Let me tell you he is our splendid Minotaur!

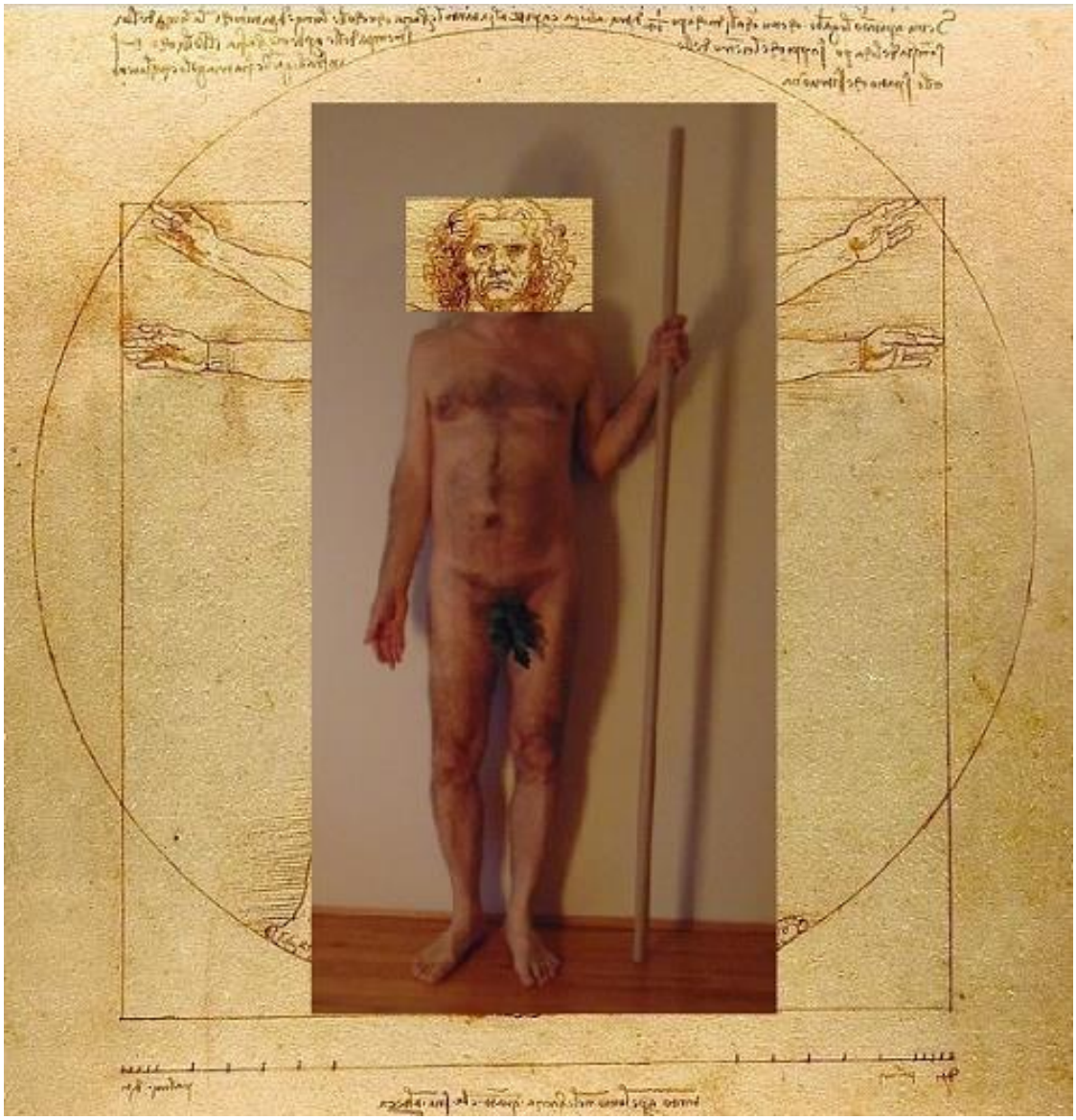
In return for letting me photograph him I asked him to photograph me. He said he would take only one picture. What he suggested was very unique. He asked me to blindfold myself and then take off my kimono then he took a single picture of me with my cellphone. "*This picture is just for you*" he said.

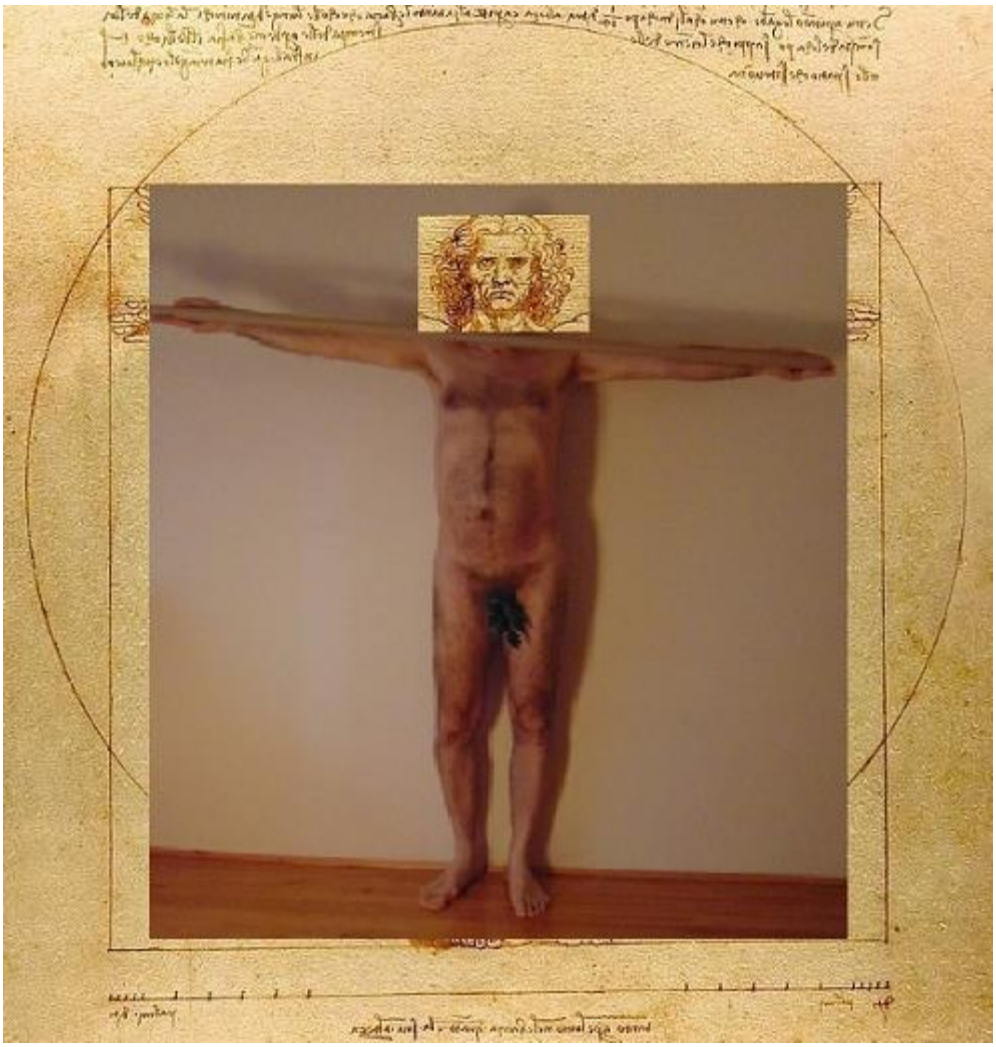
I have decided to share with you the beautiful picture he took of me.

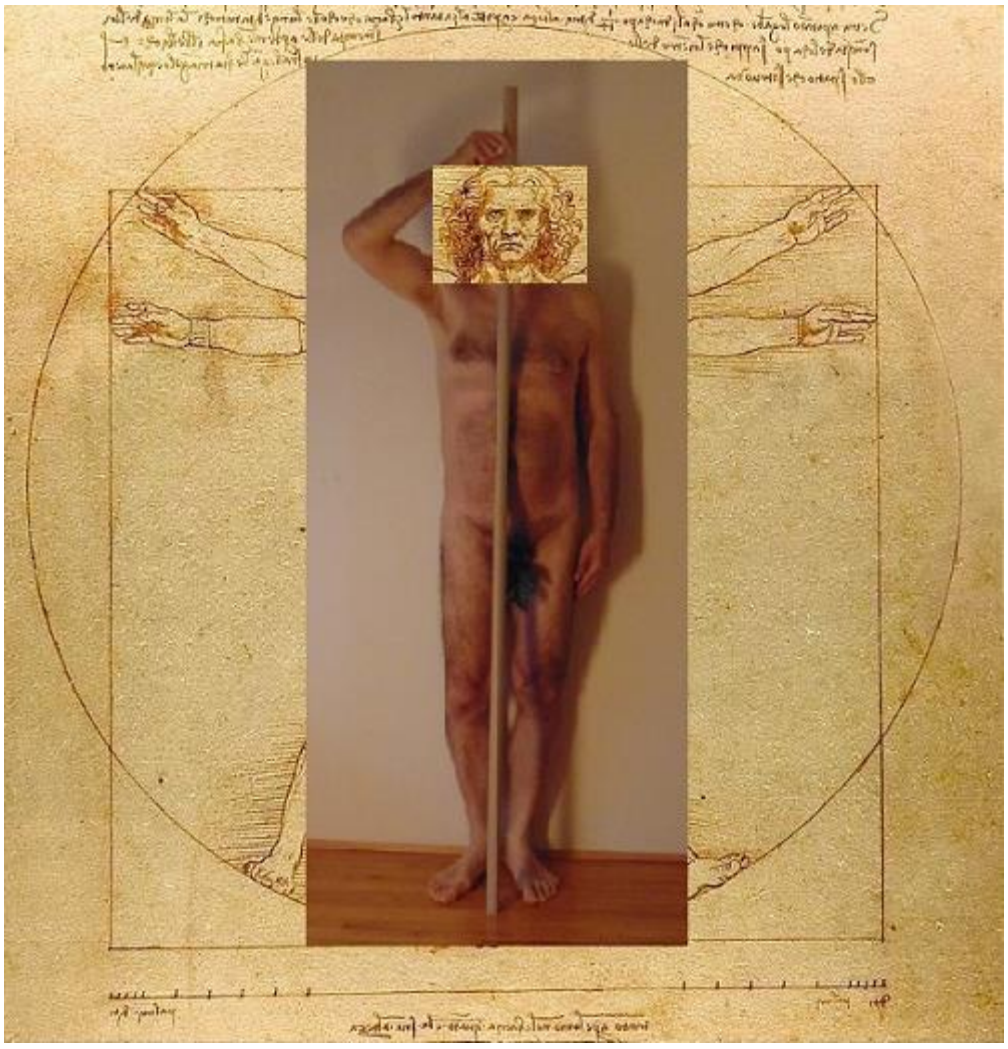
Vitruvian Man by Keiko

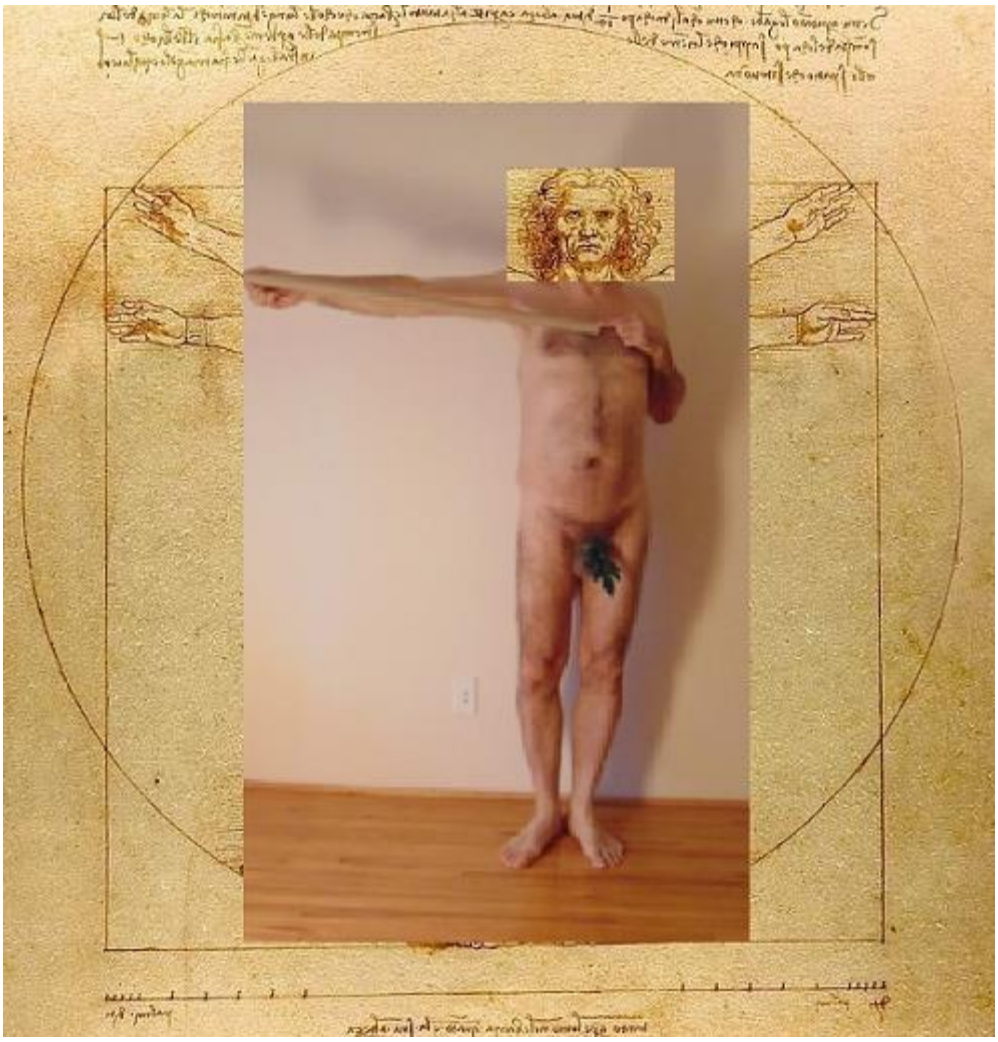


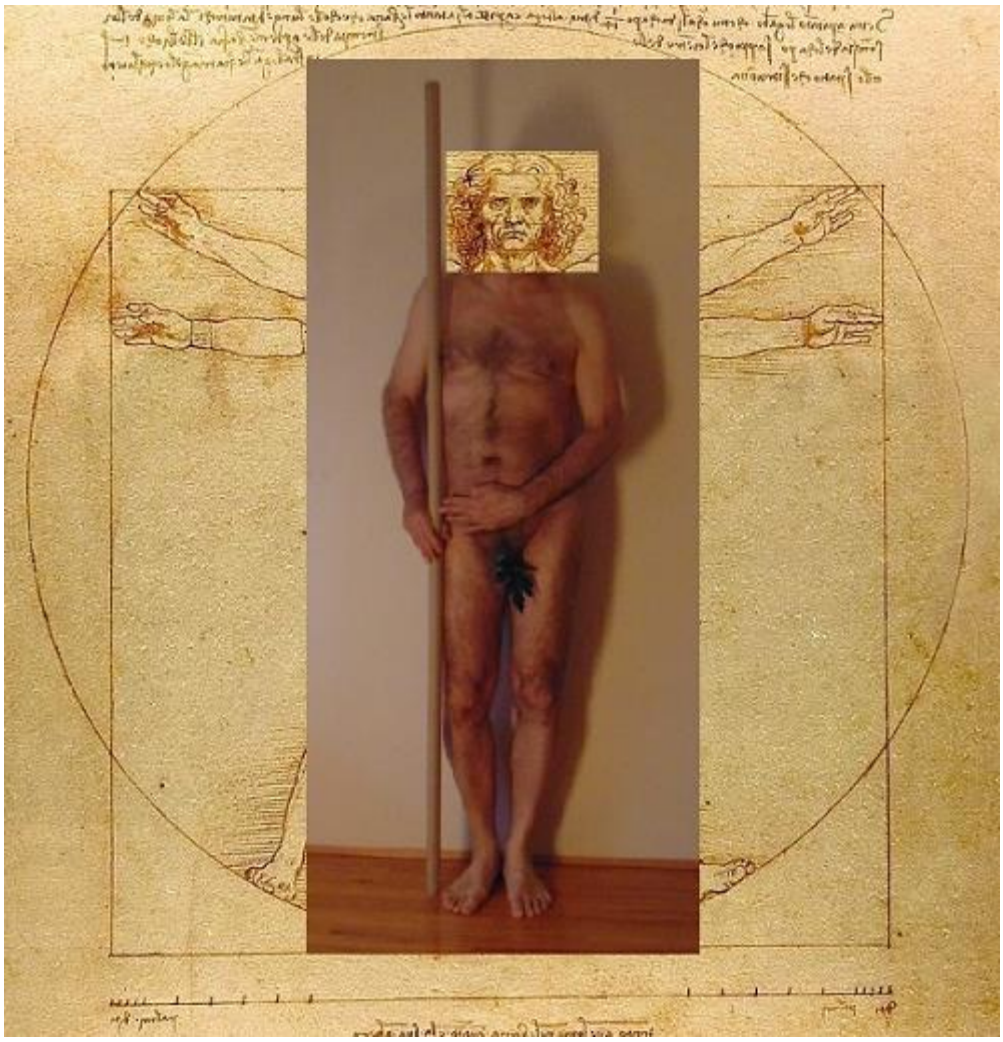


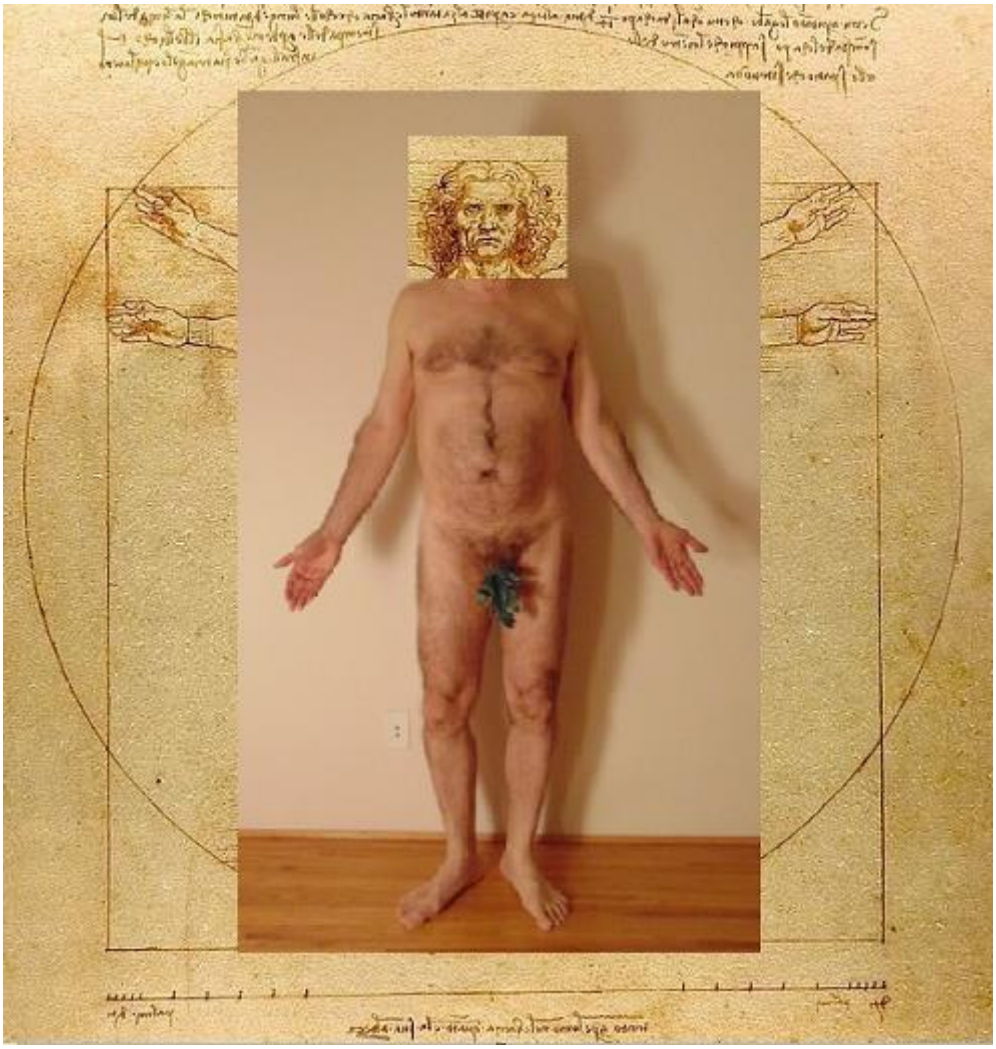








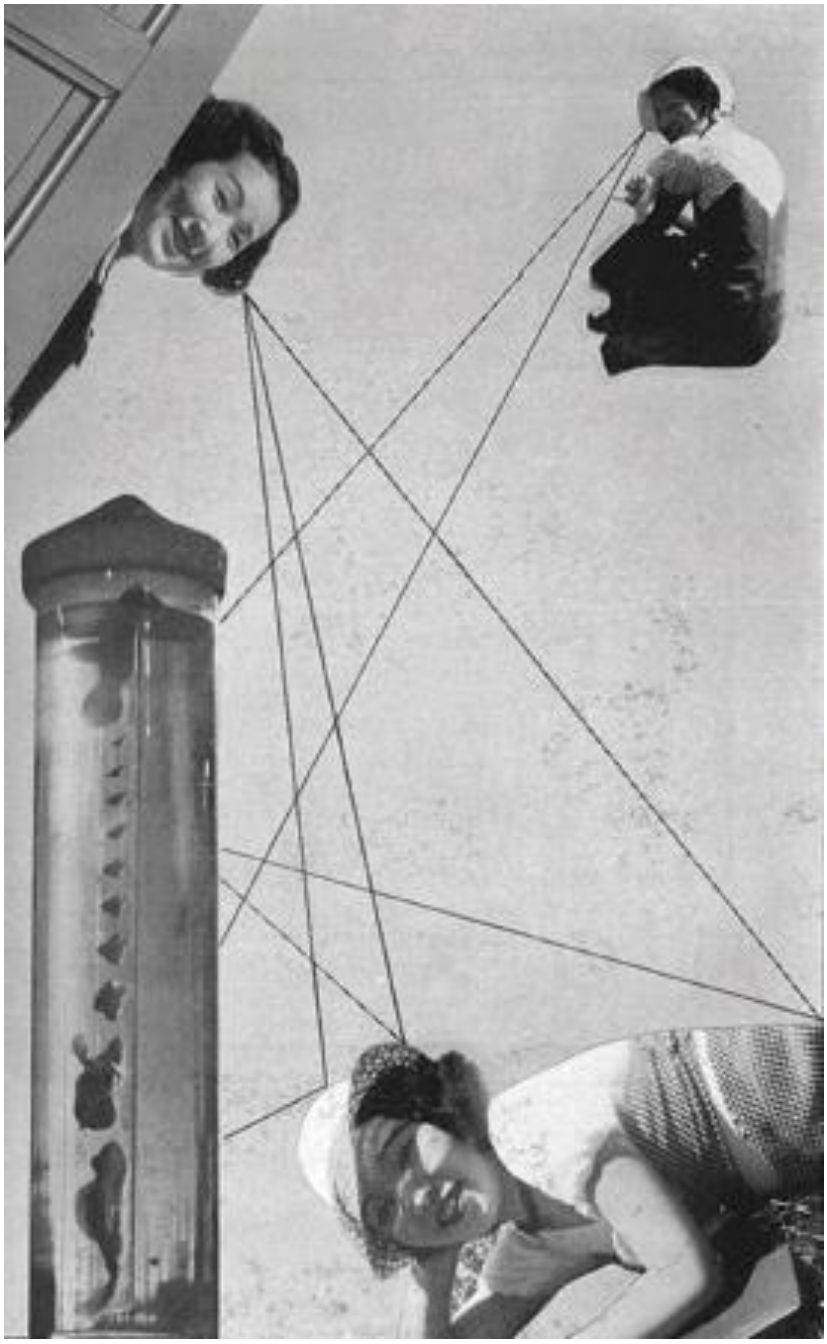




Pictorial: Boy that must feel good!

Kitan Photography

Asahi Journal of Photography, 1932



Koishi Kiyoshi*, Is There Something Funny*? Asahi Camera, 1934

Ei-Kyū, *The Reason for Sleep*, 1936

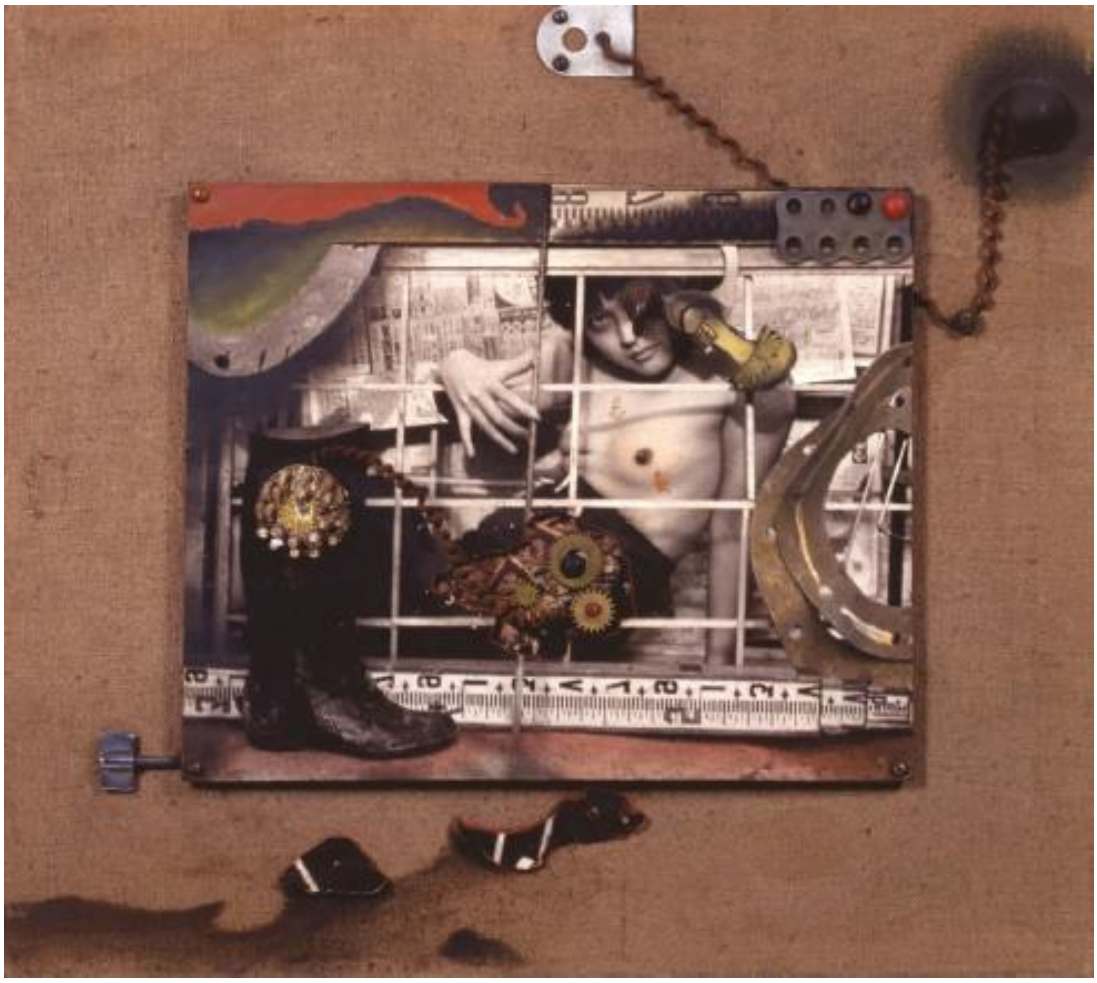
Matsubara Jūzō, Untitled Composition, 1935

Matusbara Jūzō, Untitled Composition 1936

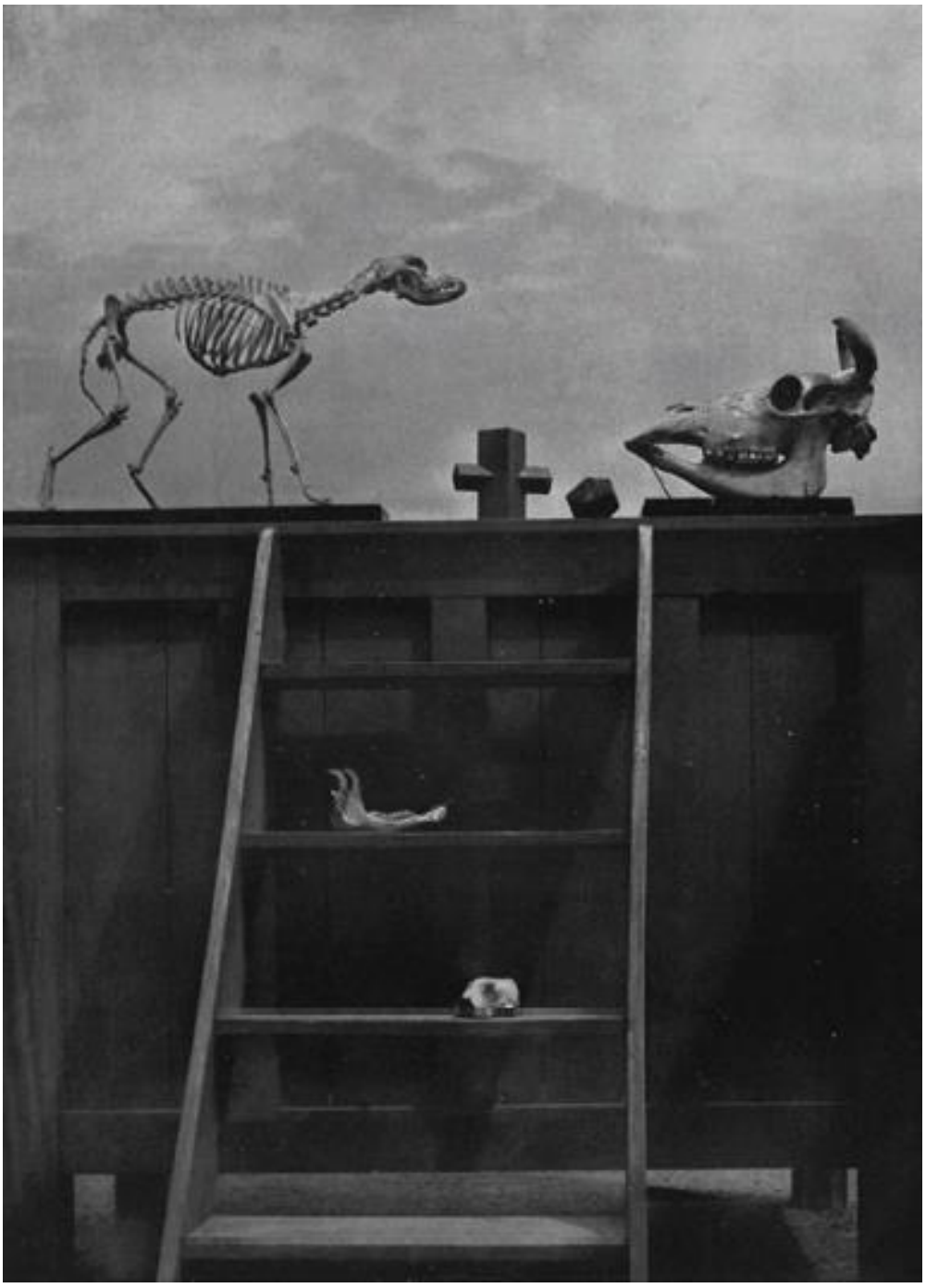
Matsubara Jūzō, Liberated Fantasy, 1937

Yamanaka Chirū, Collage, Mizue No. 389a, 1937

Yamanaka Chirū, Collage, Mizue No. 389b, 1937

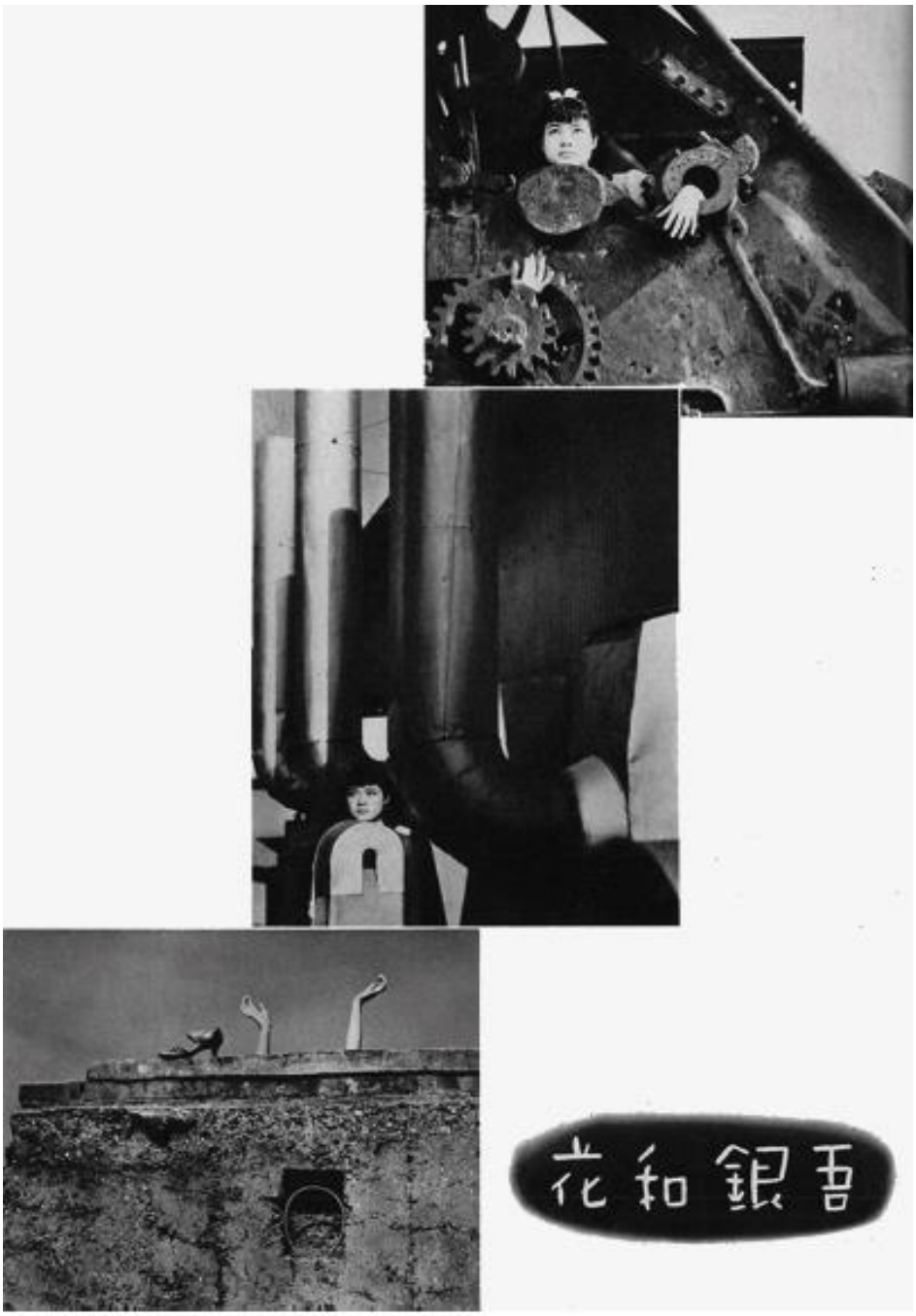


Hanawa Gingo, *Complex Imagination*, Collage and assemblage, 1938



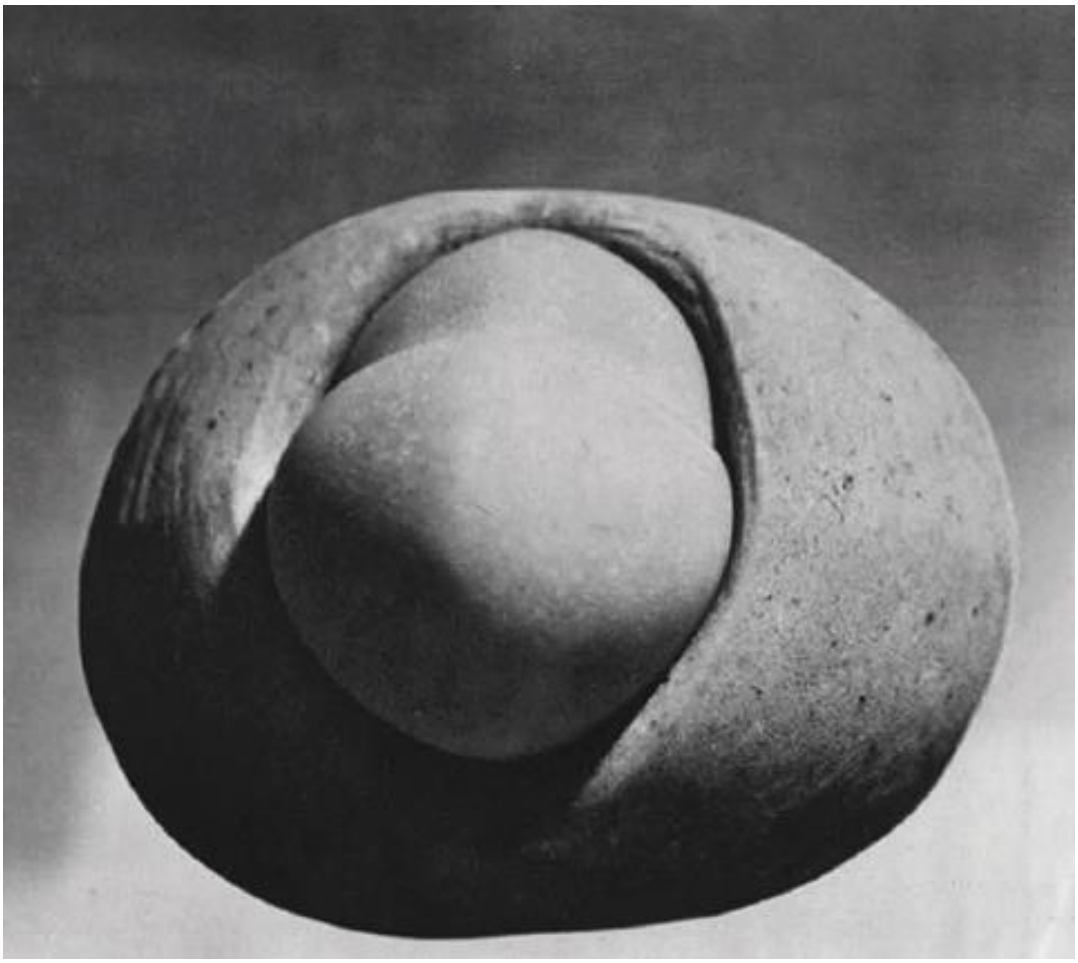
Hirai Terushichi, Altar, 1938

Hirai Terushichi, Face, Hikari, 1940



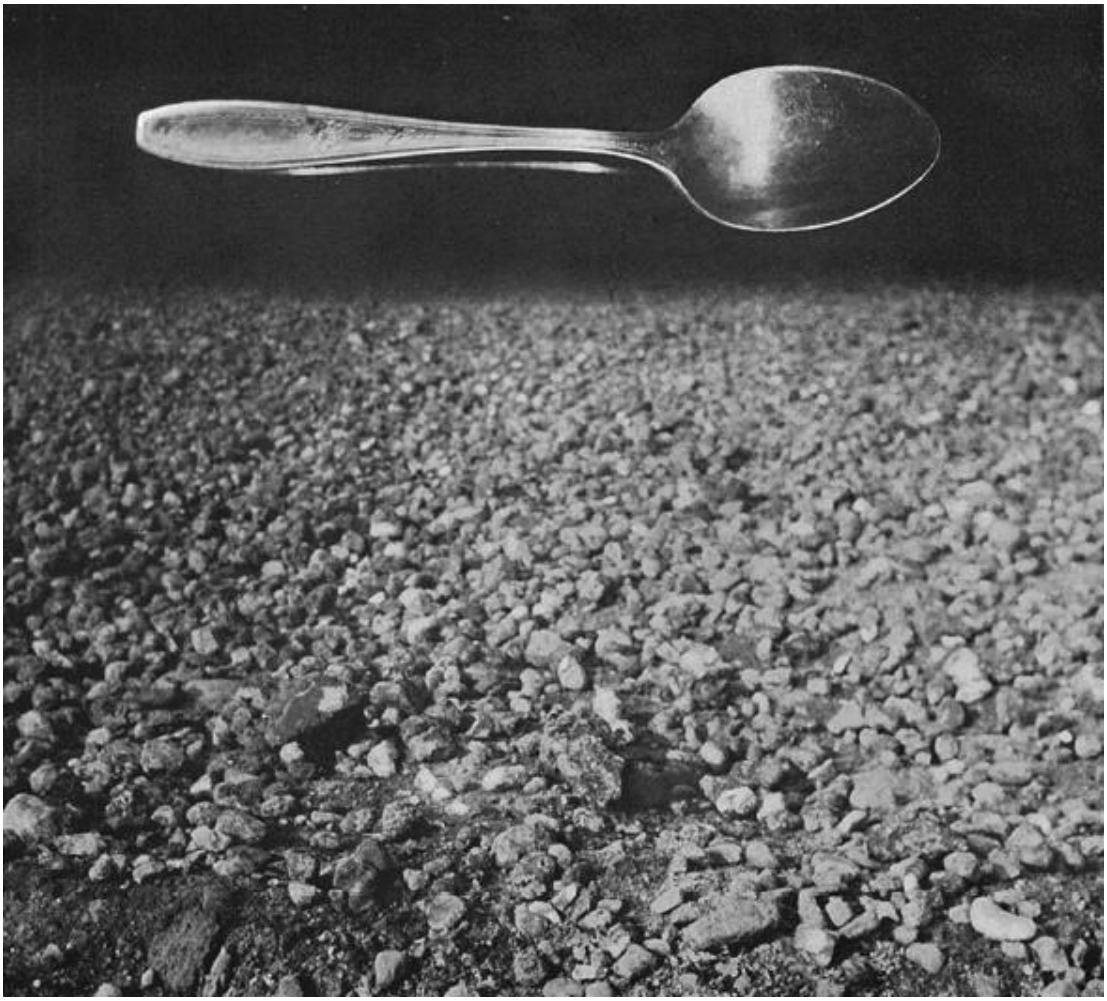
Hanawa Gingo, 'Dream of Spring in Broad Daylight', 1938

Ikemiya Seijirō, Shadow, 1938

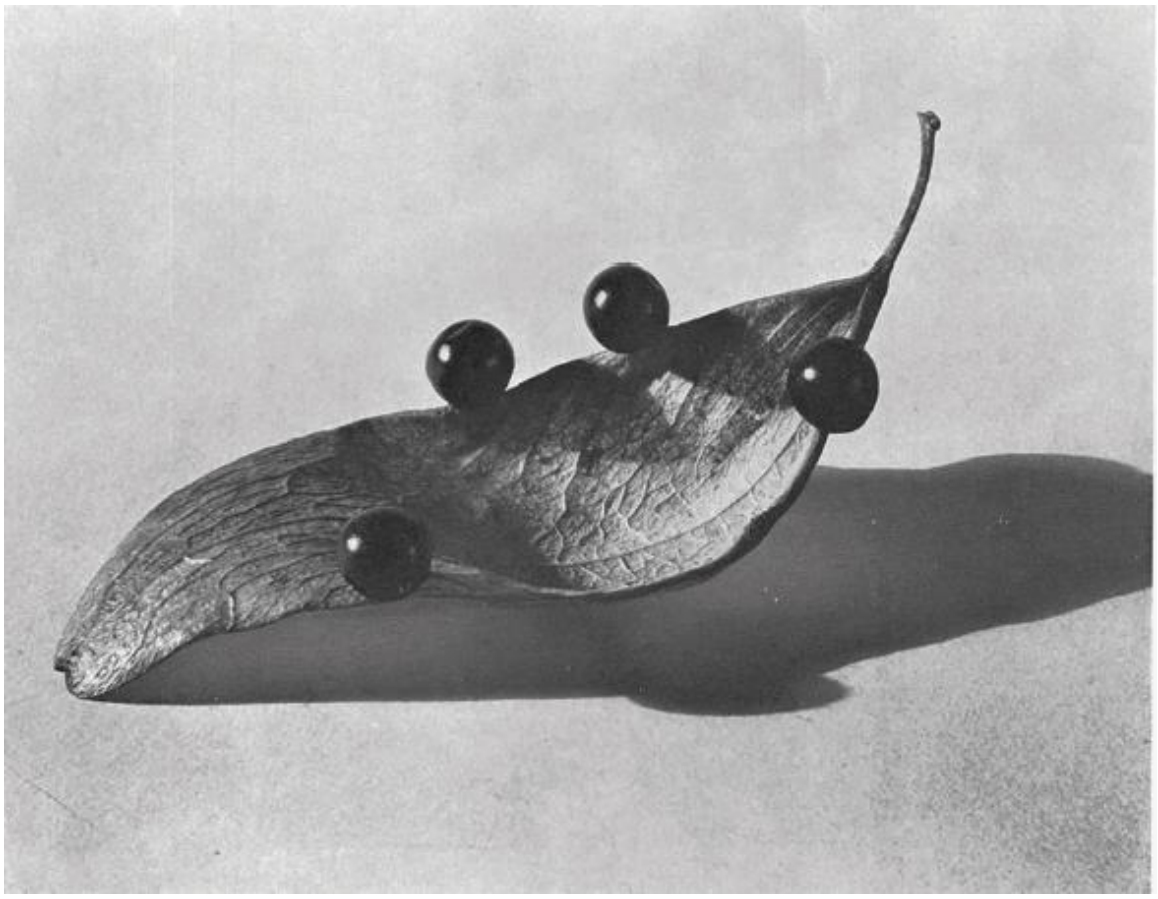


Shimozato Yoshio, Giving Birth, 1939

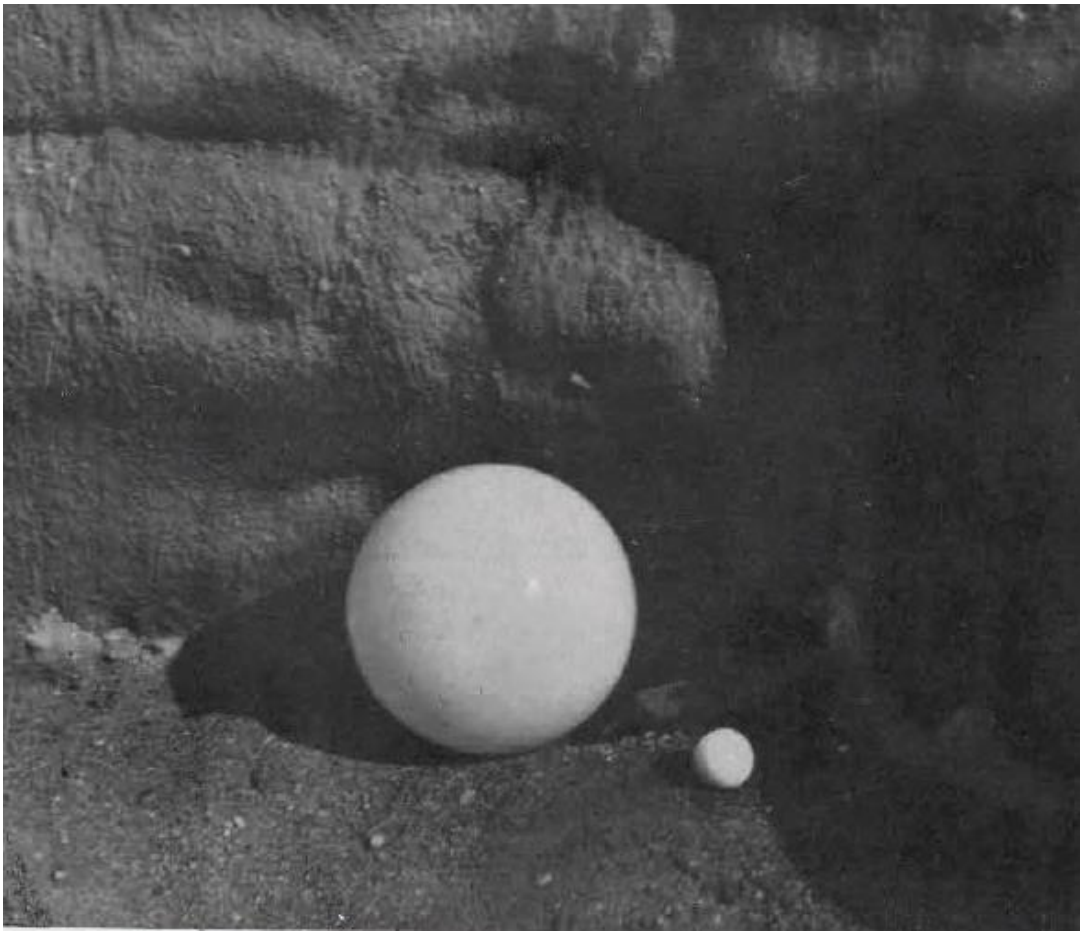
Shimozato Yoshio, Organic Art, 1940



Shimozato Yoshio, The Ninth Continent, 1939

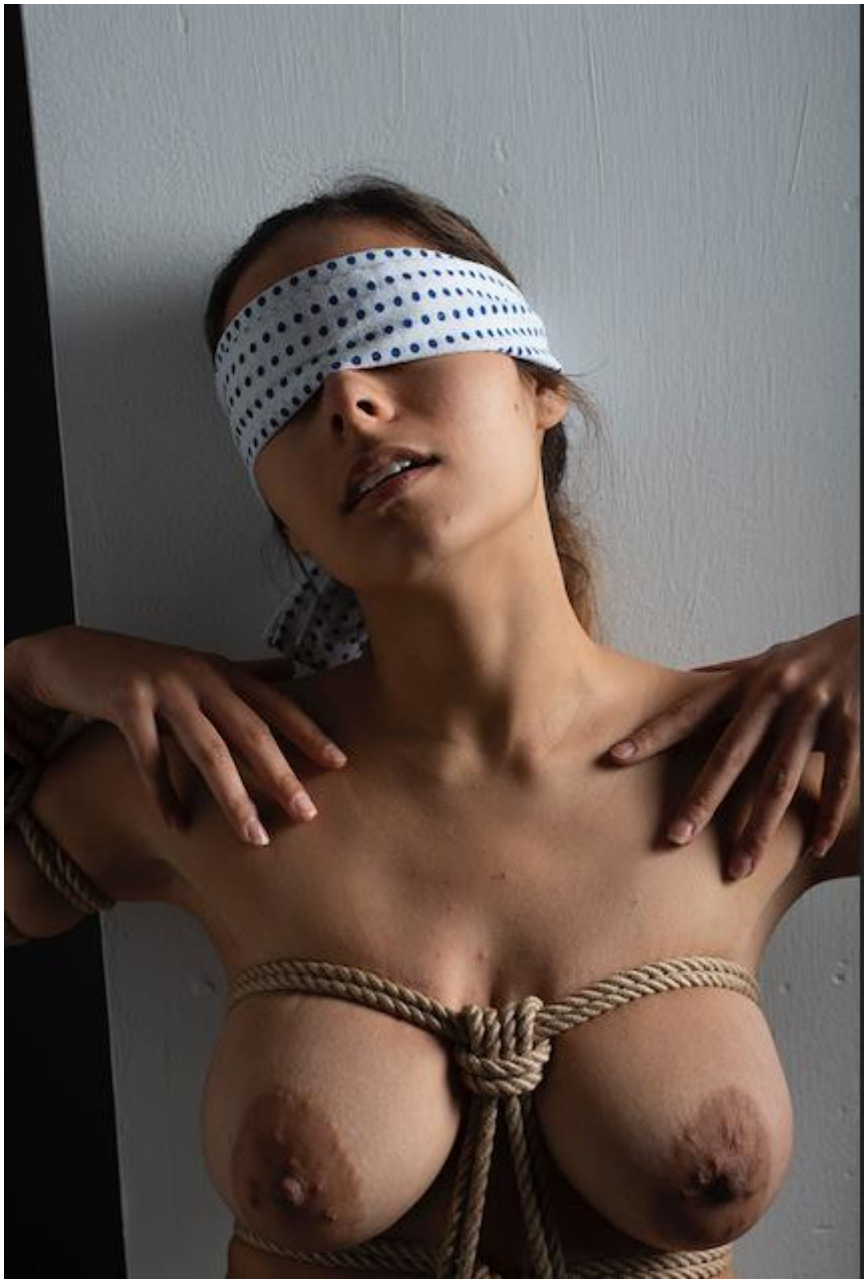


Imai Shigeru, Still Life, 1939



Yamanaka Chirū, 1939

Art of Kinbaku with Anna …



Affiliated Publishing Houses

Le Minotaur Press

Obelisk Press

Atelier Press

Pythagoras Publishing

Over 350 titles to choose from

Magazines by Obelisk Press

Many Green Apples

Le Minotaur

Pen & Pencil Magazine

Poetic Voice Magazine

Art & Eros Magazine

Dada Magazine

L'Espionage

Genius Magazine

Neos et Le Surealisme

Le Minotaur Press